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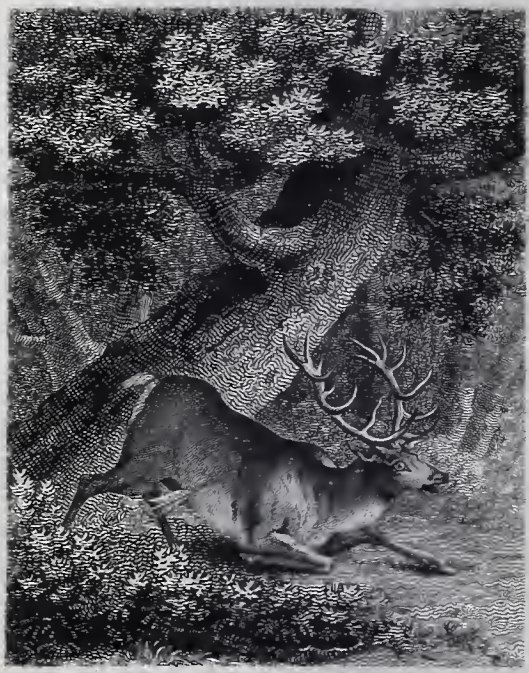

P. FLETCHER.

Look as a stag, pierced with a fatal bow:
As by a wood he walks securely feeding.

Drawn & Engraved by Wm Humphrys.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. V.

DRUMMOND, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States, of America, A. D. 1819. Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,"—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, the son of Sir John Drummond, Gentleman Usher to James VI., and of Susannah, daughter of Sir William Fowler, Secretary to Queen Anne, of Denmark,—was born at Hawthorndon, in the parish of Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian, Scotland, on the 13th of December, 1585. He received his elementary education at the High School of Edinburgh; took his master's degree at the university of the same place; and, continuing to be a diligent student, after he left college, his father, who designed him for the bar, sent him to hear lectures upon the civil law at Bruges, in France. He returned to Scotland, in 1610; but, instead of turning his legal knowledge to any practical account, he retired to the solitary seat of Hawthorndon; and commencing apprentice to the Muses, dropped an elegy of *Tears* on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1612; and, welcomed King James to Scotland, in 1617, by a fulsome poem, entitled *The Wandering Muses, or the River of Forth Feasting*.

He became enamoured of a Miss Cunningham, of Barnes; and the day was fixed for the celebration of their nuptials; when a sudden fever snatched

away the object, in which all his affections seem to have concentered; and had well nigh completed the prostration of a mind, which appears to have been more than sufficiently prone, by nature, to melancholy and dejection. He sought relief by travelling abroad. He passed through Germany, France, and Italy; visited the most celebrated foreign universities; and though, after an absence of eight years, spent chiefly in Rome and Paris, he returned somewhat relieved of his despondency, it was only to be plunged into new difficulties of a political and religious nature. King James himself was a Drummond. Our poet, therefore, became enthusiastically attached to the cause of his house; and, as his 'cloak and cincture' were hardly sufficient 'to keep out the storm,' he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scott, of Scotstraval, in Fifeshire. It was here, as is supposed, that he wrote the *History of the Five Jameses*, and the macaronic poem of *Polemo-Middinia*.

According to the writer of his life, published in 1711, he presented to the University of Edinburgh a valuable collection of rare books and manuscripts, which he procured in his foreign travels; and of which a catalogue was printed in 1627, 'with a preface in ornate Latin, written by himself, about the advantage and honour of libraries.' In 1630, he married Elizabeth, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan, of Rastelrig; who led him captive in his fortieth year, in consequence of the likeness she bore to his former mistress. When Charles I. came to Edinburgh, in 1633, Drummond wrote the speeches of the allegorical characters, who performed the *Regeant;* and, though he never took arms in the cause of that unfortunate prince, he was ever ready to afford him the aid of his pen. His 'verses and discourses,' against the Covenanters, made him an object of persecution; and he was frequently summoned, as a *malignant*, before the 'circular ta-

bles' of the prevailing party. But what most galled him, was, that they obliged him to assist in raising forces against the very king, whose cause he had so warmly espoused; and, the situation of his estate in three different shires making him liable only for the half or quarter of a man in each, he wrote to his majesty the following impromptu on the subject:—

> Of all these forces raised against the king,
> 'Tis my strange hap not one whole man to bring
> From divers parishes; yet divers men,
> But all in halves and quarters. Great King, then,
> In halves and quarters, if they come 'gainst thee,
> In halves and quarters send them back to me.

In spite of all his verses, however, the church and monarchy were at length cast down; and, although, according to one biographer, he foretold the result at the beginning of the troubles, the same person tells us, that it had an evident effect in abridging his days. He died on the 4th of December, 1649; and was buried in his own aisle of the church of Lasswade. He had lived, since his marriage, at his paternal seat of Hawthorndon; which, as late as 1795, was still possessed by a representative of the family.

The poetry of Drummond is not characterized by any thing strikingly original or peculiar; and, when we mention him as a follower of Petrarch, we have said enough, perhaps, to give the reader an idea of his performances. Like Petrarch, he sonnetted his mistress, both before and after death; and, like Petrarch, he too frequently seems to be more intent upon the sonnet than the subject. Perhaps he has less affectation, however, than any other follower of the Italian school; and, though his poems sufficiently indicate the elaboration which produced them, they are, after all, more like epigrams than conceits. Gray's elegy upon the death of West is an imitation

of Drummond's ode to *Spring;* and the following parallel lines will show how attentively his writings were perused by Pope.

The grief was common, common were the cries.

Drum.

The crime was common, common be the pain.

Pope.

To virgins, flowers, to sun-burnt earth, the rain,
To mariners, fair winds amidst the wain,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

Drum.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Pope.

Drummond was also a favourite of Milton; and, in the subjoined specimens from each poet, the resemblance will speak for itself.

The sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd, show azure, green, and red.
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is fair though brown;
Fair is the Moon, though in Love's livery clad.
The Spring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And Apple's queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That Heaven, and earth, and seas are fair, is true,
Yet true, that all not please so much as you.

Drum.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

Milton.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNET.

Ah me, and I am now the man whose Muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at Love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy's abuse,
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamarphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove:
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power; but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on aught
But that bright cherubin which thralls my thought?

SONNET.

Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,
My bit is gold, though shorten'd be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart;

Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,
That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart,
Made quick by death, more lively still remains.
I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Best 'companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of hopes I have midst Hells of fears:
Thus every way contentment strange I find,
But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

SONNET.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole,
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red;
While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Porteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice;
I wake, I turn, I weep, oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

SONNET.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spirit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrows death is but new sorrows birth;

If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

SEXTAIN.

The Heaven doth not contain so many stars,
Nor levell'd lie so many leaves in woods,
When Autumn and cold Boreas sound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who, crost in birth, by bad aspect of stars,
Have never since had happy day or night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis' crystal floods,
But fram'd a man for love and fortune's wars?

I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt sense and reason's light;
My pains I count to mountains, meads and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, (but ah to me of wars)
And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
But straight those lamps come in my thought, whose light
My judgment dazzled, passing brightest stars,
And then my eyes in-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to the springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the Sun the sad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
Ere I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days, ye inmates of the woods,
Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods;
Sun, never rise to clear me with thy light,
Horrour and darkness, keep a lasting night,
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars,
And stay your influence o'er me, ye bright stars.

In vain the stars, th' inhabitants o' th' woods,
Care, horrour, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn to-night shall dim my sight.

SONNET.

In mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent;

My course begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told,
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

SONNET.

The Sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd show azure, green, and red.
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is fair though brown;
Fair is the Moon, though in Love's livery clad.
The spring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apple's-queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That Heaven, and earth, and seas are fair, is true,
Yet true, that all not please so much as you.

SONNET.

Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrours would me drive,
When Sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

MADRIGAL.

Unhappy light,
Do not approach to bring the woeful day,
When I must bid for aye
Farewel to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair Moon with gentle beams,
The sight who never mars, [stars,
Clear long-heaven's sable vault, and you, bright
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure streams;
Let Phœbus never rise
To dim your watchful eyes.
Prolong, alas, prolong my short delight;
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

SONNET.

Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Africk fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phenix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore:
Place me by Gange or Inde's enamell'd shore,
Where smiling Heavens on Earth cause double springs;
Place me where Neptune's choir of syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye;
Or you, outrageous Fates, upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing see disaster'd me;
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself—but not my love.

MADRIGAL.

The ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lip, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth show to inward sight,
That 'wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself so to deceive
With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die!

SONNET.

Of mortal glory O soon darken'd ray!
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that Sun, from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant Heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd Music only roar and groan,
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,
For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy temple raz'd, Love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.

SONNET.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;

But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

The goddess that in Amathus doth reign,
With silver trammels, and sapphire-colour'd eyes,
When naked from her mother's crystal plain,
She first appear'd unto the wond'ring skies:
Or when the golden apple to obtain,
Her blushing snow amazed Ida's trees,
Did never look in half so fair a guise,
As she here drawn all other ages stain.
O God what beauties to inflame the soul,
And hold the hardest hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, sweet face, Love's stately capitol,
Pure neck which doth that heavenly frame uphold,
If Virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
To ravish sense, she would your beauty wear.

MADRIGAL.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:

But he grim grinning king,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

A TRANSLATION

OF

SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

Beginning, Quod vitæ sectabor iter?

What course of life should wretched mortals take!
In books hard questions large contention make.
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field;
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield.
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of these two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

TO SLEEP.

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her, dear her, so far who 's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ah me! before half day
Why didst thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

A PLEASANT DECEIT.

Over a crystal source
Iolas laid his face,
Of purling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
When in the water he a child espies,
So like himself in stature, face, and eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
"Dear mates approach, see whom I have descried,
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well."

EPITAPH.

The bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than is north from south,
That cormorant, who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to Hell; and though he here did evil,
He there perchance may prove on honest devil.

A TRANSLATION.

Fierce robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is sold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

FLOWERS OF SION.

Rise from those fragrant climes, thee now embrace;
Unto this world of ours, O haste thy race,
Fair Sun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest share,
Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;

The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horrour's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day must make so bright.
See an eternal Sun hastes to arise;
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds Heav'ns concave have,
But from the darkness of the hollow grave.
And this is that all-powerful Sun above [move.
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day; this the angelic pow'rs
Have done for you: but now an opal hue
Bepaints Heaven's crystal to the longing view:
Earth's late-hid colours shine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd, that bodies doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.

Beneath a sable veil, and shadows deep,
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his secrets hid doth keep:

Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his mysteries to creep.
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysmes, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me show;
The more I search of thee the less I know.

New doth the Sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant [year;
My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake, [black,
Look to that Heaven which never night makes
And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs

(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.
As when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous beseiger falls,
Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
And shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
But that some statue, pillar of renown,
Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck, [bin'd,
That time, the world, and death, could bring com-
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
From this so high transcendent rapture springs,
That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

THE

SONG OF THE MUSES AT PARNASSUS.

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both Earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richer robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

Here, could thy prince still stay,
Each month should turn to May;

We need nor star, nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days, and joys begun:
Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now majesty and love
Combin'd are from above;
Prince never sceptre sway'd,
Love subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heaven's great orbs do
move.

Joys, did you always last,
Life's spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past.

MISCELLANIES.

A PASTORAL SONG.

PHILLIS AND DAMON.

Phil. SHEPHERD, dost thou love me well?
Dam. Better than weak words can tell.
Phil. Like to what good shepherd, say?
Dam. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
Phil. O how strange these words I find!
Yet to satisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love from thee?
Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Dam. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
Phil. Better answer had it been,
To say thou lov'st me as thine eyne.
Dam. Wo is me! these I love not,
For by them love entrance got.
At that time they did behold,
Thy sweet face and locks of gold.
Phil. Like to what, dear shepherd, say?
Dam. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
Phil. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life?

Dam. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is 'reft, and I 'm but a dead corse.
Phil. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Dam. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
Phil. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.
Dam. Alas! I do not love myself,
For I 'm split on beauty's shelf.
Phil. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
Dam. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

All good hath left this age, all tracks of shame:
Mercy is banished, and pity dead;
Justice, from whence it came, to Heav'n is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name.
Faith to distrust and malice hath giv'n place;
Envy, with poison'd teeth, hath friendship torn;
Renowned knowledge is a despis'd scorn;
Now evil 't is, all evil not t' embrace.
There is no life, save under servile bands;
To make desert a vassal to their crimes,
Ambition with avarice joins hands:
O ever shameful, O most shameless times!
Save that Sun's light we see, of good here tell,
This Earth we court so much were very Hell.

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on Earth we find?

Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, pow'rs above?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idle virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heav'ns! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

TO A SWALLOW

BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea! there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Amidst a pleasant green
Which Sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree:

And, driven by Zephyrs' breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath;
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes shed tears.
But, ever as she wept, her anthem was,
" Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain;
Now dead, this lover must thou kill again?"

TO AN OWL.

Ascalaphus, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed
And, in Moon's liv'ry clad,
So may'st thou scorn the choristers of day—
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred window of my dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To wake, and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
And, when she wakes, doth e'er a stolen sigh creep
Into thy listening ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine express,
Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

I.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes and songs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under myrtle's shed;
Or, if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
It is but for some Grecian mistress dead,
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast;
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove:
Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace.
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no! thou learn'st thy love in lovers' books.

II.

No more with candid words infect mine ears;
Tell me no more how that you pine in anguish;
When sound you sleep, no more say that you languish;
No more in sweet despite say you spend tears.
Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see,
How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in love's library, yet no lovers be.

If we, poor souls! least favour but them show,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd;
Their names doth soar on our fame's overthrow;
Mark'd is our lightness, whilst their wits are prais'd.
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

III.

Ye who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame Dedal nets our beauty to surprise,
Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
And tales of Cupid's bow and Cupid's dart;
Well, howsoe'er ye act your feigned smart,
Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuse our chastity's best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise;
Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise,
Beauty's best guard; that dragon, which doth keep
Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise,
That Delian wit that otherways may sleep:
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Oft many pitiful, not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love, to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,
And, when the Sun brings to the world his light,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love, to dim weak reason's beam
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind

In hellish agonies a Heav'n to dream,
Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love, to stain with wanton thought
A spotless chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen bull, where he intomb'd did fry;
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

And would you then shake off Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound?
And, cruel! do you seek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
All that is subject unto Nature's reign
In skies above, or on this lower round,
When it its long and far-sought end hath found,
Doth in decadens fall and slack remain.
Behold the Moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till she kiss all the Sun, then doth decay!
See how the seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away:
So is't with love: unless you love me still,
O do not think I'll yield unto your will!

SONNET.

Care's charming sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,

Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return;
And let the day be long enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;
Let wat'ry eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires!
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Let never rising Sun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

MELAMPUS'S EPITAPH.

All that a dog could have
The good Melampus had:
Nay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
For he could play the brave;
And often, like a Thraso stern, go mad:
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

How happier is that flea,
Which in thy breast doth play,
Than that pied butterfly,
Which courts the flame, and in the same doth die!
That hath a light delight,
Poor fool! contented only with a sight;

When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
And, if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

Once did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one,
Who did affect my death:
But now, thanks to disdain!
I live reliev'd of pain.
For sighs I singing go,
I burn not as before—no, no, no, no!

CONSTANT LOVE.

Time makes great states decay,
Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
Time wisdom, force, renown, doth take away;
Time doth consume the years,
Time changes works in Heav'n's eternal spheres;
Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
To lessen love in me shall have no pow'r.

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA.

Gem of the mountains, glory of our plains!
Rare miracle of nature, and of love!
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's heavens sustains,
No, beauty's heaven, where all her wonders move;

The Sun, from east to west who all doth see,
On this low globe sees nothing like to thee.

One phenix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And Earth but did but one queen of love admire,
Three Graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three Muses sung to Phœbus' lyre;
Two phenixes be now, love's queens are two,
Four Graces, Muses ten, all made by you.

For those perfections which the bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times assign'd,
With thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made the mind:
And, that thy like no age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd, they after brake the mould.

Sweet are the blushes on thy face which shine,
Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies;
For, if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What are my slender lays to show thy worth!
How can base words a thing so high make known?
So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth,
So in a crystal is Sun's beauty shown:
More of thy praises if my muse should write,
More love and pity must the same indite.

ALL CHANGETH.

"THE angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And though Heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs;
And love hath sweets when gone are all the sours."
This said a shepherd, closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

THE greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breathe; or, breathing once,
A suckling end his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

SWEET wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper fly, still circling, and still turn
About that flame, that all so much admire,
That heavenly fair which doth outblush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire,
Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire;
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The pure intelligence that moves that sphere.

Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more; what more enjoy?
Since fairest things thus soonest have their end,
And as on bodies shadows do attend,
Soon all our bliss is follow'd with annoy:
Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love:
Her memory on Earth, her soul above.

EPIGRAMS.

AGAINST the king, sir, now why would you fight?
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst king Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to Heaven.
Are these just cause of war; good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

WHEN lately Pym descended into Hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell;
To whom a devil—"This is the Lower House."

THE CHARACTER

OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

WOULD you know these royal knaves,
Of freemen would turn us slaves;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name?

Read these verses, and ye 'll spring 'em
Then on gibbets straight cause hing 'em.

They complain of sin and folly;
In these times so passing holy,
They their substance will not give,
Libertines that we may live.
Hold those subjects too, too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.

Neglect they do our circ'lar tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables;
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four sermons pleas'd are weekly;
Swear king Charles is neither papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or atheist.

But that in his chamber-pray'rs,
Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death;
Persuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.

They avouch we'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we serve for one;
That each shire but blood affords,
To serve th' ambition of young lords;
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the state had not been troubled.

Slow they are our oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear:

They do concord love, and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men prosleytes by the word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword.

They swear that for religion's sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack:
That the beginning of these pleas,
Sprang from the ill-sped A B Cs,
For servants that it is not well
Against their masters to rebel.

That that devotion is but slight,
Doth force men first to swear, then fight,
That our confession is indeed
Not the apostolic creed;
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscrive.

That monies should men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miscarry.
Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away.
And, as times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the purse.

That debts are paid with bold stern looks;
That merchants pray on their 'compt books;
That Justice dumb and sullen frowns,
To see in croslets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim.

That, since leagues we 'gan to swear,
Vice did ne'er so black appear;

Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion so contemn'd was never,
Whilst all are raging in a fever.

They tell by devils, and some sad chance,
That that detested league of France,
Which cost so many thousand lives,
And two kings, by religious knives,
Is amongst us, though few descry;
Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.

He who says that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales out-sing,
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow,
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep,
That all's not gold doth gold appear—
Believe him not, although he swear.

To such syrens stop your ear,
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Just fools they may make of you;
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king;
Lords lose should sovereignty,
Soldiers hast back to Germany;

Justice should in our towns remain,
Poor men possess their own again;
Brought out of Hell that word of plunder,
More terrible than devil, or thunder,
Should with the covenant fly away,
And charity amongst us stay;
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True religion 'mongst us flourish?

When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest, if they have gold.
Who wise or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by protestation.

THE FIVE SENSES.

I. SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne
Resign to some young Phaëton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky,
Beholding Earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err
The proud usurping charioter;
And cure, though Phœbus grieve, our woe—
From such a face as can work so,

Wheresoever thou 'st a being,
Bless my sovereign and his seeing.

II. HEARING.

From jests prophane and flattering tongues,
From bandy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties, that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from Heaven's paradise;
From prophets such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my sovereign and his earing.

III. TASTING.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat and toil;
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candied poison'd baits
Of Jesuits, and their deceits;
Italian sallads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain;
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets, and all feasting,
Bless my sovereign and his tasting.

IV. FEELING.

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heav'n bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand, whose moist palm may
My sovereign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sovereign and his feeling.

V. SMELLING.

Where myrrh and frankincense are thrown,
The altars built to gods unknown,
O let my sovereign never dwell;
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for Hell.
Let no such scent his nostrils stain;
From smells that poison can the brain
Heav'ns still preserve him. Next I crave,
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God! to save
My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath hath pow'r to lead
His excellence which way it list—
O let such lips be never kiss'd!
From a breath so far excelling,
Bless my sovereign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

And now, just God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the slime away
That keeps my sovereign's eyes from seeing
The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

Then let him hear, good God, the sounds
As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

Give him a taste, and truly too,
Of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

Give him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal nose
Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
Whose black deeds have eclips'd his worth:
They found, and scourged for their offences,
Heavens bless my sovereign and his senses.

EPITAPHS.

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised to the highest joy in love,

As in this slippery state more grief I find
Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
But, fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, so possest, at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent;
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too pronely bent:
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

E. P.

The flow'r of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthless destinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from Earth, poor Earth! before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, sweet modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie!

Fair hopes now vanish'd are. She would have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed! but lo! in Heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what she was in effect;
A shadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellences limm'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.

Tombs elsewhere use life to their guests to give,
These ashes can frail monuments make live.

Hard laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls we come without consent,
Like tapers, lighted to be early spent,
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly,
Like shadows in the eye:
The shadow doth not yield unto the Sun,
But joys and life do waste e'en when begun.

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

With the Author's Epitaph.

Though I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death has triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad name;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the place."

SONNETS.

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long painted on the ocean streams;
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursued those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I'll think;
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen shall be; thy blood, mine ink;
Thy winding-sheet, my paper; study, grave:
And, till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I 'll have but only, only thee.

To spread the azure canopy of Heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold;

To place this pond'rous globe of Earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
With motions strange t' endue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to 'bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night;
A wonder is, so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known, and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.

Above those boundless bounds, where stars do move,
The ceiling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each undersphere,
In a rich mansion, radiant with light,
To which the Sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd,
Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May,
All pleasures heightening, flourisheth for aye,
The King of Ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to those beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than aught
Reveal'd to sense, nay, than the winged thought,
His will to practise: here do seraphim
Burn with immortal love; there cherubim,
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the Sun, delight their sight;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloister high embowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subjects, acting what their king commands;
Sweet choristers, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and Earth untir'd their brawl sustains.
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear,
The spotless souls of humanes do appear,
Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

Nymphæ, quæ colitis highissima monta Fifaea,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anstraea domus, ubi nat Haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi Fleucca et Sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis Lobster monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit Whitenius undis:
Et vos Skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodæam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deum, quoque Nympharum Cockelshelearum
Maia ubi sheepifeda, atque ubi Solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris,
.....
.....
Quo viso ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres
Ad terram, cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit;
Quodque magis, alte volitans Heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.
Namque a principio Storiam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
"Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos

Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo."
Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonaeas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Et ploucky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Alsinder Atken,
Et Willy Dick heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc Congrevius heros
Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, et Hen. Watsonus,
Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,
Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Deil stick it ignoro nomen) slavry beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, et assas jecerat extra.
Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, et inquit,
Georde mi formane, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades et crook-saddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos.
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras

Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydis tu pone manus, et dicito fart jade.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes:
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine swieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida mustrat,
Haud aliter quam si eum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipse egressa, videns-
que
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladæos,
Jackmannumque, Hiremannos, Pleughdrivsters at-
que Pleughmannos,
Tumlantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishclouty dishas,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene liekere plettas,
Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli,
Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggeam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longobardamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque simul Gyllam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blaeko caput sooty clouto;

Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oscularier arsas;
Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria Betty.
Tum demum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum,
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis,
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem Muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos.
"Ite, ait, uglæi Fellows, si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Jure quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapelium,
Et totum rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit.
Obstupuit Vitarva diu dirtfluida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckreilios ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem turnare coegit.
O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso
Batteli onsetto! Pugnat Muckreilius Heros
Fortiter, et Muckam per posteriora cadentem
In creilibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
Pypantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!
O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero e medio Muckdryvster prosilit unus
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam

Nebernam, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam petieotam gutture thieko,
Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram Mueksherda begariavit.
Et tune ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde proeul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nee valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
In faeiem girnavit atrox, et Tigrida faeta
Bublentem grippans berdam, sie dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gereuleo magnum feeit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoe, inquit, sneezing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, Swingere, tuo; tum denique fleido
Ingentem Gilly wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donee his feeerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oeŭlis; sie Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et O fy!
Ter quater exelamat, et ô quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas neeko imponens, sie eucurrit absens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæe Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nune vietoria losta est.
Nee mora, terribilem fillavit dira eanonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quaekarunt hostes, flightamque repente

Sumpserunt, retrospexit Jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
  Quod si king Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dungasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Lodovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuo townam dungasset in yerdam:
  Exin Corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque gravitate,
Barlafumel clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata et droppa cruoris.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, the son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the common pleas, under Elizabeth, was born at Grace-dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1582. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted a gentleman-commoner in Broadgate's Hall, (since Pembroke College,) in Oxford; and, having spent three years, chiefly in the study of classic poetry, he removed to one of the Inns of Court: but, probably, detesting a pursuit, for which he was poorly fitted, both by nature and education, he soon returned to Leicestershire, and married Elizabeth, daughter of John Fortescue, Esq. In 1626, he was made a baronet by king Charles; and, two years afterwards, we hear of his death.

Sir John Beaumont's reputation as a poet must chiefly depend upon his *Bosworth Field;* which is a close imitation of Homer, and is such an epic as one of the *Iliads* would make. It is written with considerable richness of language, and harmony of numbers; but almost the only thing, which entitles it to be called an imitation of Homer, is, that the author often introduces a formal similie by 'as when,' or 'so when.'

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

The winter's storme of eiuill warre I sing,
Whose end is crown'd with our eternall spring,
Where roses ioin'd, their colours mixe in one,
And armies fight no more for England's throne.
Thou, gracious Lord, direct my feeble pen,
Who (from the actions of ambitious men)
Hast by thy goodnesse drawne our ioyfull good,
And made sweet flowres and oliues grow from blood,
While we, delighted with this faire release,
May climb Parnassus, in the dayes of peace.
  The king (whose eyes were neuer fully clos'd,
Whose minde oppress with feareful dreams, sup-
    pos'd,
That he in blood had wallow'd all the night)
Leapes from his restlesse bed, before the light:
Accursed Tirell is the first he spies,
Whom threatning with his dagger, thus he cries.
"How darst thou, villaine, so disturbe my sleepe?
Were not the smother'd children buried deepe?
And hath the ground again been ript by thee,
That I their rotten carkases might see?"

The wretch, astonisht, hastes away to slide,
(As damned ghosts themselues in darknesse hide)
And calls vp three, whose counsels could asswage
The sudden swellings of the prince's rage:
Ambitious Louell, who, to gaine his grace,
Had stain'd the honour of his noble race:
Perfidious Catesby, by whose curious skill,
The law was taught to speake his master's will:
And Ratcliffe, deepely learn'd in courtly art,
Who best could search into his sou'raigne's hart:
Affrighted, Richard labours to relate
His hideous dreames, as signes of haplesse fate:
"Alas!" said they, "such fictions children feare,
These are not terrours, shewing danger neare,
But motiues sent by some propitious power,
To make you watchfull at this early hower:
These proue that your victorious care preuents
Your slouthfull foes, that slumber in their tents.
This precious time must not in vaine be spent,
Which God (your helpe) by heau'nly meanes hath lent."
He (by these false coniectures) much appeas'd,
Contemning fancies, which his minde diseas'd,
Replies: "I should haue been asham'd to tell
Fond dreames to wise men: whether Heau'n or Hell,
Or troubled nature, these effects hath wrought:
I know, this day requires another thought,
If some resistlesse strength my cause should crosse,
Feare will increase, and not redeeme the losse;
All dangers, clouded with the mist of feare,
Seeme great farre off, but lessen comming neare.
Away, ye black illusions of the night,
If ye combin'd with Fortune; haue the might

To hinder my designes: ye shall not barre
My courage seeking glorious death in warre."
Thus being chear'd, he calls aloud for armes,
And bids that all should rise, whom Morpheus charmes.
"Bring me," saith he, "the harnesse that I wore
At Teuxbury, which from that day no more
Hath felt the battries of a ciuill strife,
Nor stood betweene destruction and my life."
Vpon his brest-plate he beholds a dint,
Which in that field young Edward's sword did print:
This stirres remembrance of his heinous guilt,
When he that prince's blood so foulely spilt.
Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,
Which, like a twinkling starre, with trembling light
Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire;
This maske will make his wrinkled visage faire.
But when his head is couer'd with the steele,
He tells his seruants, that his temples feele
Deepe-piercing stings, which breed vnusuall paines,
And of the heauy burden much complaines.
Some marke his words, as tokens fram'd t' expresse
The sharpe conclusion of a sad successe.
Then going forth, and finding in his way
A souldier of the watch, who sleeping lay,
Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,
He strikes a sword into his trembling heart;
The hand of death, and iron dulnesse, takes
Those leaden eyes, which nat'rall ease forsakes:
The king this morning sacrifice commends,
And, for example, thus the fact defends:
"I leaue him, as I found him, fit to keepe
The silent doores of euerlasting sleepe."

Still Richmond slept; for worldly care and feare
Haue times of pausing, when the soule is cleare,
While Heau'n's Directer, whose reuengefull brow
Would to the guilty head no rest allow,
Looks on the other part with milder eyes:
At his command an angel swiftly flies
From sacred Truth's perspicuous gate, to bring
A crystall vision on his golden wing.
This lord, thus sleeping, thought he saw and knew
His lamblike vncle, whom that tiger slew,
Whose powerfull words encourage him to fight:
"Goe on, iust scourge of murder, vertue's light,
The combate, which thou shalt this day endure,
Makes England's peace for many ages sure:
Thy strong inuasion cannot be withstood,
The Earth assists thee with the cry of blood;
The Heav'n shall blesse thy hopes, and crowne thy ioyes,
See, how the fiends, with loud and dismall noyse,
(Presaging vultures, greedy of their prey)
On Richard's tent their scaly wings display."
The holy king then offer'd to his view
A liuely tree, on which three branches grew:
But when the hope of fruit had made him glad,
All fell to dust: at which the earle was sad;
Yet comfort comes againe, when from the roote
He sees a bough into the north to shoote,
Which, nourisht there, extends it selfe from thence,
And girds this iland with a firme defence:
There he beholds a high and glorious throne,
Where sits a king by lawrell garlands knowne,
Like bright Apollo in the Muses' quires,
His radiant eyes are watchfull heauenly fires;

Beneath his feete pale Enuie bites her chaine,
And snaky Discord whets her sting in vaine.
"Thou seest," said Henry, "wise and potent Iames
This, this is he, whose happy vnion tames
The sauage feudes, and shall those lets deface
Which keepe the bordrers from a deare imbrace:
Both nations shall, in Britaine's royall crowne,
Their diffring names, the signes of faction drowne;
The siluer streames which from this spring increase,
Bedew all Christian hearts with drops of peace;
Obserue how hopefull Charles is borne t' asswage
The winds, that would disturbe this golden age.
When that great king shall full of glory leaue
The Earth as base, then may this prince receiue
The diadem, without his father's wrong,
May take it late, and may possesse it long;
Aboue all Europe's princes shine thou bright,
O God's selected care, and man's delight!"
Here gentle sleepe forsooke his clouded browes,
And full of holy thoughts, and pious vowes,
He kissed the ground assoone as he arose,
When watchfull Digby, who among his foes
Had wanderd vnsuspected all the night,
Reports that Richard is prepar'd to fight.
Long since the king had thought it time to send
For trusty Norfolke, his vndaunted friend,
Who, hasting from the place of his abode,
Found at the doore a world of papers strow'd;
Some would affright him from the tyrant's aide,
Affirming that his master was betray'd;
Some laid before him all those bloody deeds.
From which a line of sharpe reuenge proceeds,

With mueh eompassion, that so braue a knight
Should serue a lord, against whom angels fight;
And others put suspieions in his minde,
That Riehard, most obseru'd, was most vnkind.
The duke awhile these eautious words reuolues
With serious thoughts, and thus at last resolues:
"If all the eampe proue traytors to my lord,
Shall spotlesse Norfolke falsifie his word?
Mine oath is past, I swore t' vphold his erowne,
And that shall swim, or I with it will drowne.
It is too late now to dispute the right;
Dare any tongue, sinee Yorke spread forth his light,
Northumberland, or Buekingham, defame,
Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumont's name,
Beeause they in the weaker quarrell die?
They had the king with them, and so haue I.
But eu'ry eye the face of Riehard shunnes,
For that foule murder of his brother's sonnes:
Yet lawes of knighthood gaue me not a sword
To strike at him, whom all with ioynt aeeord
Haue made my prinee, to whom I tribute bring:
I hate his viees, but adore the king.
Victorious Edward, if thy soul ean beare
Thy seruant Howard, I deuoutly sweare,
That to haue sau'd thy ehildren from that day,
My hopes on Earth should willingly deeay;
Would Glouster then my perfeet faith had tryed,
And made two graues, when noble Hastings died."
This said, his troopes he into order drawes,
Then doubled haste redeemes his former pause:
So stops the sayler for a voyage bound,
When on the sea he heares the tempests sound,
Till pressing hunger to remembranee sends,
That on his eourse his houshold's life depends:

With this he cleares the doubts that vext his mind,
And puts his ship to mercy of the winde.
The duke's stout presence and couragious lookes,
Were to the king as falls of sliding brookes,
Which bring a gentle and delightfull rest
To weary eyes, with grieuous care opprest:
He bidds that Norfolke and his hopefull sonne
(Whose rising fame in armes this day begun)
Should lead the vantguard: for so great command
He dares not trust in any other hand;
The rest he to his own aduice referres,
And as the spirit in that body stirres;
Then putting on his crowne, a fatall signe,
(So offer'd beasts neere death in garlands shine)
He rides about the rankes, aud striues to inspire
Each breast with part of his vnwearied fire:
To those who had his brother's seruants been,
And had the wonders of his valour seene,
He saith: "My fellow souldiers, tho' your swords
Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words;
Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes,
In which we treasur'd vp immortall prayse;
If when I seru'd, I euer fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so:
But if my father, when at first he try'd,
How all his sonnes could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle, whose vndazled eyes
Affront the beames which from the steele arise,
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know, then, ye haue but chang d your gen'rall's name;
Be still your selues, ye fight against the drosse
Of those, that oft haue runne from you with losse;

How many Somersets, dissention's brands,
Haue felt the force of our reuengefull hands?
From whom this youth, as from a princely floud,
Deriues his best, yet not vntainted bloud:
Haue our assaults made Lancaster to droupe?
And shall this Welshman, with his ragged troupe,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That onely Merlin may be thought diuine?
See what a guide these fugitiues haue chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language, and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets
sound."
To others' minds their willing oaths he drawes,
He tells his iust decrees, and healthfull lawes,
And makes large proffers of his future grace.
Thus hauing ended, with as chearefull face,
As Nature, which his stepdame still was thought,
Could lend to one, without proportion wrought,
Some, with loud shouting, make the valleys ring,
But most with murmur sigh, "God saue the king."
Now careful Henry sends his seruant Bray
To Stanley, who accounts it safe to stay,
And dares not promise, lest his haste should bring
His sonne to death, now pris'ner with the king.
About the same time, Brakenbury came,
And thus to Stanley saith, in Richard's name:
"My lord, the king salutes you, and commands
That to his ayde you bring your ready bands,
Or else he swears by him that sits on high,
Before the armies ioyne, your sonne shall die."
At this the lord stood, like a man that heares
The iudge's voyce, which condemnation beares;

Till, gath'ring vp his spirits, he replies:
"My fellow Hastings' death hath made me wise,
More than my dreame could him, for I no more
Will trust the tushes of the angry bore;
If with my George's bloud he staine his throne,
I thanke my God, I haue more sonnes than one:
Yet, to secure his life, I quiet stand,
Against the king not lifting vp my hand."
The messenger departs of hope deny'd.
Then noble Stanley, taking Bray aside,
Saith: "Let my sonne proceed, without despaire,
Assisted by his mother's almes, and prayre,
God will direct both him and me to take
Best courses, for that blessed woman's sake."
The earle, by this delay, was not inclin'd
To feare nor anger, knowing Stanley's mind;
But, calling all his chiefe commanders neare,
He boldly speakes, while they attentiue heare:
"It is in vaine, braue friends, to shew the right,
Which we are forc'd to seek by ciuill fight.
Your swords are brandisht in a noble cause,
To free your country from a tyrant's lawes.
What angry planet, what disastrous signe,
Directs Plantagenet's afflicted line?
Ah! was it not enough, that mutuall rage
In deadly battels should this race ingage,
Till by their blowes themselues they fewer make,
And pillers fall, which France could neuer shake?
But must this crooked monster now be found,
To lay rough hands on that vnclosed wound?
His secret plots haue much increast the flood;
He, with his brother's and his nephews' blood,
Hath stain'd the brightnesse of his father's flowres,
And made his own white rose as red as ours.

This is the day, whose splendour puts to flight
Obscuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
We see no hindrance of those wished times,
But this vsurper, whose depressing crimes
Will driue him from the mountaine where he stands,
So that he needs must fall without our hands.
In this we happy are, that by our armes,
Both Yorke and Lancaster reuenge their harmes.
Here Henry's seruants ioyne with Edward's friends,
And leaue their priuat griefes for publike ends."
Thus ceasing, he implores th' Almightie's grace,
And bids, that euery captaine take his place.
His speach was answer'd with a gen'rall noyse
Of acclamations, doubtless signes of ioyes
Which souldiers vttered, as they forward went,
The sure forerunners of a faire euent:
So when the Winter to the Spring bequeathes
The rule of time, and mild Fauonius breathes,
A quire of swans to that sweete musicke sings,
The ayre resounds the motion of their wings,
When ouer plaines they flie in orderd rankes,
To sport themselues vpon Caïster's bankes.
  Bold Oxford leades the vantguard vp amaine,
Whose valiant offers heretofore were vaine,
When he his loue to Lancaster exprest,
But now, with more indulgent fortune blest,
His men he toward Norfolke's quarter drew,
And straight the one the other's ensignes knew;
For they in seu'rall armies were display'd,
This oft in Edward's, that in Henry's ayde:
The sad remembrance of those bloudy sights,
Incenst new anger in these noble knights.
A marish lay betweene, which Oxford leaues
Vpon his right hand, and the Sunne receiues

Behind him, with aduantage of the place;
For Norfolke must endure it on his face,
And yet his men aduance their speares and swords
Against this succour, which the Heau'n affords;
His horse and foote possest the field in length,
While bowmen went before them, for their strength:
Thus marching forth, they set on Oxford's band,
He feares their number, and with strict command,
His souldiers closely to the standard drawes:
Then Howard's troupes, amaz'd, begin to pause;
They doubt the slights of battell, and prepare
To guard their valour with a trench of care.
This sudden stop made warlike Vere more bold,
To see their fury in a moment cold;
His rankes he in a larger form displayes,
Which all were archers counted in those dayes,
The best of English soulders, for their skill
Could guide their shafts according to their will;
The feather'd wood they from their bowes let flie,
No arrow fell, but caus'd some man to die:
So painful bees, with forward gladness, striue
To ioyne themselues in throngs before the hiue,
And with obedience till that hour attend,
When their commander shall his watchword send:
Then to the winds their tender sailes they yield,
Depresse the flowres, depopulate the field:
Wise Norfolke, to auoyde these shafts the more,
Contriues his battaile thin, and sharpe before;
He thus attempts to pierce into the hart,
And breake the orders of the aduerse part:
As when the cranes direct their flight on high,
To cut their way, they in a trigon flie,
Which pointed figure may with ease diuide
Opposing blasts, through which they swiftly glide.

But now the wings make haste to Oxford's ayde,
The left by valiant Sauage was display'd;
His lusty souldiers were attir'd in white,
They moue like drifts of snow, whose sudden fright
Constraines the weary passenger to stay,
And, beating on his face, confounds his way.
Braue Talbot led the right, whose grandsire's name
Was his continual spurre to purchase fame:
Both these rusht in, while Norfolke, like a wall,
Which, oft with engines crakt, disdaines to fall,
Maintains his station by defensiue fight,
Till Surrey pressing forth, with youthful might,
Sends many shadowes to the gates of Death.
When dying mouths had gaspt forth purple breath,
His father follows: age and former paines
Had made him slower, yet he still retaines
His ancient vigour; and with much delight
To see his sonne do maruailes in his sight,
He seconds him, and from the branches cleaues
Those clusters, which the former vintage leaues.
Now Oxford flyes (as lightning) thro' his troupes,
And with his presence cheares the part that droupes:
His braue endeuours Surrey's force restraine,
Like bankes at which the ocean stormes in vaine.
The swords and armours shine as sparkling coales,
Their clashing drownes the grones of parting soules;
The peaceful neighbours, who had long desir'd
To find the causes of their feare expir'd,
Are newly grieu'd, to see this scarlet flood,
And English ground bedew'd with English blood.
Stout Rice and Herbert leade the power of Wales,
Their zeale to Henry moues the hills and dales
To sound their country-man's beloued name,
Who shall restore the British offspring's fame;

These make such slaughter with their glaues and hooks,
That carefull bardes may fill their precious bookes
With prayses, which from warlike actions spring,
And take new themes, when to their harpes they sing.
Besides these souldiers borne within this ile,
We must not of their part the French beguile,
Whom Charles for Henry's succour did prouide,
A lord of Scotland, Bernard was their guide,
A blossome of the Stuarts' happy line,
Which is on Britaine's throne ordain'd to shine:
The Sun, whose rayes the Heau'n with beauty crowne,
From his ascending, to his going downe,
Saw not a brauer leader in that age;
And Bosworth field must be the glorious stage,
In which this northerne eagle learnes to flie,
And tries those wings, which after rayse him high,
When he, beyond the snowy Alpes renown'd,
Shall plant French lillies in Italian ground;
And cause the craggy Apennine to know,
What fruits on Caledonian mountaines grow.
Now in this ciuill war, the troupes of France
Their banners dare on English ayre aduance,
And on their launces' points destruction bring
To fainting seruants of the guilty king;
When heretofore they had no powre to stand
Against our armies in their natiue land,
But melting fled, as wax before the flame,
Dismay'd with thunder of Saint George's name.
Now Henry with his vnkle Pembroke moues,
The rereward on, and Stanley then approues

His loue to Richmond's person, and his cause.
He from his army of three thousand drawes
A few choyse men, and bids the rest obay
His valiant brother, who shall proue this day
As famous as great Warwick, in whose hand
The fate of England's crowne was thought to stand:
With these he closely steales to helpe his friend,
While his main forces stirre not, but attend
The younger Stanley, and to Richard's eye
Appeare not parties, but as standers by.
Yet Stanley's words so much the king incense,
That he exclaimes: "This is a false pretense:
His doubtfull answere shall not saue his sonne,
Yong Strange shall die: see, Catesby, this be done."
Now like a lambe, which taken from the folds,
The slaughter-man with rude embraces holds,
And for his throte prepares a whetted knife,
So goes this harmlesse lord to end his life;
The axe is sharpen'd, and the block prepar'd,
But worthy Ferrers equal portion shar'd
Of griefe and terrour which the pris'ner felt,
His tender eyes in teares of pity melt,
And hasting to the king, he boldly said:
"My lord, too many bloody staines are laid
By enuious tongues vpon your peacefull raigne;
O may their malice euer speak in vaine!
Afford not this aduantage to their spite,
None should be kill'd to day, but in the fight:
Your crowne is strongly fixt, your cause is good;
Cast not vpon it drops of harmelesse blood;
His life is nothing, yet will dearely cost,
If, while you seek it, we perhaps haue lost
Occasions of your conquest: thither flie,
Where rebels arm'd, with cursed blades shall die,

And yeeld in death to your victorious awe:
Let naked hands be censur'd by the law."
Such pow'r his speech and seemely action hath,
It mollifies the tyrant's bloody wrath,
And he commands, that Strange's death be stay'd.
The noble youth (who was before dismay'd
At death's approching sight) now sweetly cleares
His cloudy sorrowes, and forgets his feares:
As when a steare to burning altars led,
Expecting fatall blowes to cleaue his head,
Is by the priest, for some religious cause,
Sent backe to liue, and now in quiet drawes
The open ayre, and takes his wonted food,
And neuer thinkes how neere to death he stood.
The king, though ready, yet his march delayd,
To haue Northumberland's expected ayde.
To him industrious Ratcliffe swiftly hies;
But Percy greets him thus: "My troubled eyes
This night beheld my father's angry ghost,
Aduising not to ioyne with Richard's host:
'Wilt thou,' said he, 'so much obscure my shield,
To beare mine azure lion in the field
With such a gen'rall? Aske him, on which side
His sword was drawne, when I at Towton died.'"
When Richard knew that both his hopes were [vaine,
He forward sets with cursing and disdaine,
And cries: "Who would not all these lords detest?
When Percy changeth, like the Moone, his crest."
This speech the heart of noble Ferrers rent:
He answers: "Sir, though many dare repent,
That which they cannot now without your wrong,
And onely grieue they haue been true too long,
My brest shall neuer beare so foule a staine;
If any ancient blood in me remaine,

Which from the Norman conqu'rours tooke descent,
It shall be wholly in your scruice spent;
I will obtaine to day, aliue or dead,
The crownes that grace a faithfull souldier's head."
"Blest be thy tongue," replies the king, "in thee
The strength of all thine ancestors I see,
Extending warlike armes for England's good,
By thee their heire, in valour as in blood."
But here we leaue the king, and must reuiew
Those sonnes of Mars, who cruell blades imbrue
In riuers, sprung from hearts that bloodlesse lie,
And staine their shining armes in sanguine die.
Here valiant Oxford and fierce Norfolke meet,
And with their speares each other rudely greete;
About the ayre the shiuered pieces play,
Then on their swords their noble hands they lay,
And Norfolke first a blow directly guides
To Oxford's head, which from his helmet slides
Vpon his arme, and, biting through the steele,
Inflicts a wound, which Vere disdaines to feele;
He lifts his fauchion with a threatning grace,
And hewes the beuer off from Howard's face.
This being done, he, with compassion charm'd,
Retires, asham'd to strike a man disarm'd:
But straight a deadly shaft, sent from a bow,
(Whose master, though farre off, the duke could know)
Vntimely brought this combat to an end,
And pierc'd the braine of Richard's constant friend.
When Oxford saw him sinke, his noble soule
Was full of griefe, which made him thus condole:
"Farewell, true knight, to whom no costly graue
Can giue due honour: would my teares might saue

Those streames of blood, deseruing to be spilt
In better seruice: had not Richard's guilt
Such heauy weight vpon his fortune laid,
Thy glorious vertues had his sinnes outwaigh'd."
Couragious Talbot had with Surrey met,
And after many blowes begins to fret,
That one so young in armes should thus, vnmou'd,
Resist his strength, so oft in warre approu'd.
And now the earle beholds his father fall;
Whose death like horrid darknesse frighted all:
Some giue themselues as captiues, others flie,
But this young lion casts his gen'rous eye
On Mowbray's lion, painted in his shield,
And with that king of beasts repines to yeeld:
"The field," saith he, "in which the lion stands,
Is blood, and blood I offer to the hands
Of daring foes; but neuer shall my flight
Die blacke my lion, which as yet is white."
His enemies (like cunning huntsmen) striue
In binding snares, to take their prey aliue,
While he desires t' expose his naked brest,
And thinkes the sword that deepest strikes is best.
Young Howard single with an army fights,
When, mou'd with pitie, two renowned knights,
Strong Clarindon, and valiant Coniers, trie
To rescue him, in which attempt they die;
For Sauage, red with blood of slaughter'd foes,
Doth them in midst of all his troopes inclose,
Where, though the captaine for their safetie striues,
Yet baser hands depriue them of their liues.
Now Surrey fainting, scarce his sword can hold,
Which made a common souldier grow so bold,
To lay rude hands vpon that noble flower;
Which he disdaigning, (anger giues him power)

Ereets his weapon with a nimble round,
And sends the peasant's arme to kisse the ground.
This done, to Talbot he presents his blade,
And saith: "It is not hope of life hath made
This my submission, but my strength is spent,
And some, perhaps of villaine blood, will vent
My weary soule: this fauour I demand,
That I may die by your victorious hand."
"Nay, God forbid that any of my name,"
Quoth Talbot, "should put out so bright a flame
As burnes in thee, braue youth! where thou hast [err'd,
It was thy father's fault, since he preferr'd
A tyrant's crowne before the iuster side."
The earle, still mindfull of his birth, replied:
"I wonder, Talbot, that thy noble hart
Insults on ruines of the vanquisht part:
We had the right, if now to you it flow,
The fortune of your swords hath made it so:
I neuer will my lucklesse choyce repent,
Nor can it staine mine honour or descent;
Set England's royall wreath vpon a stake,
There will I fight, and not the place forsake:
And if the will of God hath so dispos'd,
That Richmond's brow be with the crowne inclos'd,
I shall to him, or his, giue doubtlesse signes,
That duty in my thoughts, not faction, shines."
The earnest souldiers still the chase pursue:
But their commanders grieue they should imbrue
Their swords in blood which springs from English veines,
The peacefull sound of trumpets them restraines
From further slaughter, with a milde retreat
To rest contented in this first defeate.

The king intended, at his setting out,
To helpe his vantguard, but a nimble scout
Runnes crying: "Sir, I saw not farre from hence,
Where Richmond houers with a small defence,
And, like one guilty of some heynous ill,
Is couer'd with the shade of yonder hill."
The rauen, almost famisht, ioyes not more,
When restlesse billowes tumble to the shore
A heap of bodies shipwrackt in the seas,
Than Richard with these newes himselfe doth [please:
He now diuerts his course another way,
And, with his army led in faire array,
Ascends the rising ground, and taking view
Of Henry's souldiers, sees they are but few:
Imperiall courage fires his noble brest,
He sets a threatning speare within his rest,
Thus saying: "All true knights, on me attend,
I soone will bring this quarrell to an end:
If none will follow, if all faith be gone,
Behold, I goe to try my cause alone."
He strikes his spurres into his horse's side,
With him stout Louell and bold Ferrers ride;
To them braue Ratcliffe, gen'rous Clifton, haste,
Old Brakenbury scornes to be the last:
As borne with wings, all worthy spirits flye,
Resolu'd for safety of their prince to dye;
And Catesby to this number addes his name,
Though pale with feare, yet ouercomne with shame.
Their boldnesse Richmond dreads not, but admires;
He sees their motion like to rolling fires,
Which by the winde along the fields are borne
Amidst the trees, the hedges, and the corne,
Where they the hopes of husbandmen consume,
And fill the troubled ayre with dusky fume.

Now as a carefull lord of neighb'ring grounds,
He keepes the flame from entring in his bounds,
Each man is warn'd to hold his station sure,
Prepar'd with courage strong assaults t' endure:
But all in vaine, no force, no warlike art,
From sudden breaking can preserue that part,
Where Richard like a dart from thunder falles:
His foes giue way, and stand as brazen walles,
On either side of his inforced path,
While he neglects them, and reserues his wrath
For him whose death these threatning clouds would
cleare,
Whom now with gladnes he beholdeth neere,
And all those faculties together brings,
Which moue the soule to high and noble things.
Eu'n so a tyger, hauing follow'd long
The hunter's steps that robb'd her of her young'
When first she sees him, is by rage inclin'd
Her steps to double, and her teeth to grind.
Now horse to horse, and man is ioyn'd to man,
So strictly, that the souldiers hardly can
Their aduersaries from their fellowes know:
Here each braue champion singles out his foe.
In this confusion Brakenbury meetes
With Hungerford, and him thus foulely greetes:
"Ah, traytor! false in breach of faith and loue,
What discontent could thee and Bourchier moue,
Who had so long my fellowes been in armes,
To flie to rebels? What seducing charmes
Could on your clouded minds such darknesse bring,
To serue an outlaw, and neglect the king?"
With these sharpe speeches Hungerford, enrag'd,
T' vphold his honour, thus the battaile wag'd:

"Thy doting age," saith he, "delights in words,
But this aspersion must be try'd by swords."
Then leauing talke, he by his weapon speakes,
And driues a blow, which Brakenbury breakes,
By lifting vp his left hand, else the steele
Had pierc'd his burgonet, and made him feele
The pangs of death: but now the fury fell
Vpon the hand that did the stroke repell,
And cuts so large a portion of the shield,
That it no more can safe protection yeeld.
Bold Hungerford disdaines his vse to make
Of this aduantage, but doth straight forsake
His massy target, render'd to his squire,
And saith: "Let cowards such defence desire."
This done, these valiant knights dispose their [blades,
And still the one the other's face inuades;
Till Brakenbury's helmet giuing way
To those fierce strokes that Hungerford doth lay,
Is bruis'd and gapes, which Bourchier, fighting [neere,
Perceiues, and cries: "Braue Hungerford, for-[beare,
Bring not those siluer haires to timelesse end,
He was, and may be once againe our friend."
But, oh! too late! the fatall blow was sent
From Hungerford, which he may now repent,
But not recall, and digges a mortall wound
In Brakenbury's head, which should be crown'd
With precious metals, and with bayes adorn'd
For constant truth appearing, when he scorn'd
To staine his hand in those young princes' blood,
And like a rocke amidst the ocean stood
Against the tyrant's charmes and threats vnmou'd,
Tho' death declares how much he Richard lou'd.

Stout Ferrers aimes to fixe his mighty launce
In Pembroke's heart, which on the steele doth glaunce,
And runnes in vaine the empty ayre to presse:
But Pembroke's speare, obtaining wisht successe,
Through Ferrers' brest-plate and his body sinkes,
And vitall blood from inward vessels drinkes.
Here Stanley, and braue Louel, trie their strength,
Whose equall courage drawes the strife to length;
They thinke not how they may themselues defend,
To strike is all their care, to kill their end.
So meete two bulls vpon adioyning hills
Of rocky Charnwood, while their murmur fills
The hollow crags, when, striuing for their bounds,
They wash their piercing hornes in mutuall wounds.
If, in the midst of such a bloody fight,
The name of friendship be not thought too light,
Recount, my Muse, how Byron's faithfull loue
To dying Clifton did it selfe approue:
For Clifton, fighting brauely in the troope,
Receiues a wound, and now begins to droope:
Which Byron seeing, though in armes his foe,
In heart his friend, and hoping that the blow
Had not been mortall, guards him with his shield
From second hurts, and cries: "Deare Clifton, yeeld;
Thou hither cam'st, led by sinister fate,
Against my first aduice; yet now, though late,
Take this my counsel." Clifton thus replied:
"It is too late, for I must now prouide
To seeke another life: liue thou, sweet friend,
And when thy side obtaines a happy end,
Vpon the fortunes of my children looke:
Remember what a solemne oath we tooke,

That he whose part should proue the best in fight,
Would with the conqu'rour trie his vtmost might,
To saue the other's lands from rau'nous pawes,
Which seaze on fragments of a lucklesse cause.
My father's fall our house had almost drown'd,
But I by chance aboord in shipwracke found.
May neuer more such danger threaten mine:
Deale thou for them, as I would doe for thine."
This said, his senses faile, and pow'rs decay,
While Byron calles: "Stay, worthy Clifton, stay!
And heare my faithfull promise once againe,
Which, if I breake, may all my deeds be vaine."
But now he knowes, that vitall breath is fled,
And needlesse words are vtter'd to the dead;
Into the midst of Richard's strength he flies,
Presenting glorious acts to Henry's eyes,
And for his seruice be expects no more
Than Clifton's sonne from forfeits to restore.
While Richard, bearing downe with eager mind
The steps by which his passage was confin'd,
Laies hands on Henry's standard as his prey:
Strong Brandon bore it, whom this fatall day
Markes with a blacke note, as the onely knight,
That on the conqu'ring part forsakes the light.
But Time, whose wheeles with various motion runne,
Repayes this seruice fully to his sonne,
Who marries Richmond's daughter, borne betweene
Two royall parents, and endowed a queene.
When now the king perceiues that Brandon striues
To saue his charge, he sends a blow that riues
His skull in twaine, and, by a gaping hole,
Giues ample scope to his departing soule;
And thus insults: "Accursed wretch, farewell!
Thine ensignes now may be display'd in Hell!

There thou shalt know, it is an odious thing,
To let thy banner flie against thy king."
With scorne he throwes the standard to the ground,
When Cheney, for his height and strength renown'd,
Steps forth to couer Richmond, now expos'd
To Richard's sword: the king with Cheney clos'd,
And to the earth this mighty giant fell'd.
Then like a stag, whom fences long withheld
From meddowes, where the spring in glory raignes,
Now hauing leuell'd those vnpleasing chaines,
And treading proudly on the vanquisht flowres,
He in his hopes a thousand ioyes deuoures:
For now no pow'r to crosse his end remaines,
But onely Henry, whom he neuer daines
To name his foe, and thinkes he shall not braue
A valiant champion, but a yeelding slaue.
Alas! how much deceiu'd, when he shall find
An able body and couragious minde:
For Richmond boldly doth himselfe oppose
Against the king, and giues him blowes for blowes,
Who now confesseth, with an angry frowne,
His riuall not vnworthy of the crowne.
  The younger Stanley then no longer staid,
The earle in danger needs his present aide,
Which he performes as sudden as the light,
His comming turnes the ballance of the fight.
So threatning clouds, whose fall the ploughmen feare,
Which long vpon the mountaine's top appeare,
Dissolue at last, and vapours then distill
To watry showres that all the valleys fill.
The first that saw this dreadfull storme arise,
Was Catesby, who to Richard loudly cries:

"No way but swift retreate your life to saue,
It is no shame with wings t' auoide the graue."
This said, he trembling turnes himselfe to flie,
And dares not stay to heare the king's replie,
Who, scorning his aduice as foule and base,
Returnes this answer with a wrathfull face:
"Let cowards trust their horses' nimble feete,
And in their course with new destruction meete;
Gaine thou some hours to draw thy fearefull breath:
To me ignoble flight is worse than death."
But at th' approach of Stanley's fresh supply,
The king's side droopes: so gen'rous horses lie
Vnapt to stirre, or make their courage knowne,
Which vnder cruell masters sinke and grone.
There at his prince's foote stout Ratcliffe dies;
Not fearing, but despairing, Louell flies,
For he shall after end his weary life
In not so faire, but yet as bold a strife.
The king maintaines the fight, though left alone:
For Henrie's life he faine would change his owne,
And as a lionesse, which compast round
With troopes of men, receiues a smarting wound
By some bold hand, though hinder'd and opprest
With other speares, yet slighting all the rest,
Will follow him alone that wrong'd her first:
So Richard, pressing with reuengefull thirst,
Admits no shape but Richmond's to his eye;
And would in triumph on his carcase die:
But that great God, to whom all creatures yeeld,
Protects his seruant with a heauenly shield;
His pow'r, in which the earle securely trusts,
Rebates the blowes, and falsifies the thrusts.

The king growes weary, and begins to faint,
It grieues him that his foes perceiue the taint:
Some strike him, that till then durst not come neare,
With weight and number they to ground him beare,
Where trampled down, and hew'd with many swords,
He softly vtter'd these his dying words:
"Now strength no longer fortune can withstand,
I perish in the center of my land."
His hand he then with wreathes of grasse infolds,
And bites the earth, which he so strictly holds,
As if he would haue borne it with him hence,
So loth he was to lose his right's pretence.

AN EPIGRAM CONCERNING MAN'S LIFE.

COMPOSED BY CRATES, OR POSIDIPPUS.

What course of life should wretched mortals take?
In courts, hard questions, large contention make,
Care dwels in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yeeld.
In forraine lands thou neuer canst be blest;
If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.
In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell:
Vnmarried persons, as in desarts dwell.
How many troubles are with children borne?
Yet he that wants them counts himselfe forlorne.
Young men are wanton, and of wisedome void:
Gray haires are cold, vnfit to be imploid.

Who would not one of these two offers choose:
Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose?

THE ANSWER OF METRODORUS.

In euery way of life true pleasure flowes,
Immortall fame from publike action growes:
Within the doores is found appeasing rest;
In fields, the gifts of Nature are exprest.
The sea brings gaine, the rich abroad prouide
To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide:
All housholds best are govern'd by a wife;
His cares are light, who leades a single life.
Sweet children are delights, which marriage blesse:
He that hath none disturbs his thoughts the lesse.
Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds:
Old age the soule with pious motion feeds.
All states are good, and they are falsly led,
Who wish to be vnborne, or quickly dead.

SELECT POEMS

OF

GILES & PHINEAS FLETCHER.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIVES OF
GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE affinity and genius of these two poets naturally associate their names. They were the cousins of Fletcher the dramatist, and the sons of a Dr. Giles Fletcher, who, among several important missons in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, negotiated a commercial treaty with Russia greatly to the advantage of England, in spite of many obstacles that were presented by a capricious czar and a barbarous court. His remarks on Russia were suppressed on their first appearance, but were afterwards republished in 1643, and incorporated with Hakluyt's Voyages.

Mr. A. Chalmers, in his British Poets, mentions Giles as the elder son of this Dr. Fletcher, evidently by mistake, as Giles, in his poetry, speaks of his own "green muse hiding her younger head," with reference to his senior brother. Giles was bred at Cambridge, and died at his living of Alderston, in Suffolk, in 1623. Phineas was educated at the same university, and wrote an account of its founders and learned men. He was also a clergyman, and held the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, for twenty-nine years. They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernized, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and

Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connexion in our poetry between those congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter, in a poem on the same subject with Paradise regained.

Giles's "Temptation and Victory of Christ" has a tone of enthusiam peculiarly solemn. Phineas, with a livelier fancy, had a worse taste. He lavished on a bad subject the graces and ingenuity that would have made a fine poem on a good design. Through five cantos of his "Purple Island," he tries to sweeten the language of anatomy by the flowers of poetry, and to support the wings of allegory by bodily instead of spiritual phenomena. Unfortunately, in the remaining cantos he only quits the dissecting table to launch into the subtlety of the schools, and describes Intellect, the Prince of the Isle of Man, with his eight counsellors, Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and the five external Senses, as holding out in the Human Fortress against the Evil Powers that besiege it. Here he strongly resembles the old Scottish poet Gavin Douglas, in his poem of King Heart. But he outstrips all allegorists in conceit, when he exhibits Voletta, or the Will, the wife of Intellect, propt in her fainting fits by Repentance, who administers restorative waters to the Queen, made with lip's confession and with "pickled sighs," stilled in the alembic of a broken spirit.

The conclusion of the Purple Island sinks into such absurdity and adulation, that we could gladly wish the poet back again to allegorizing the bladder and kidneys. In a contest about the eternal salvation of the human soul, the event is decided by King James the First (at that time a sinner upon earth) descending from heaven with his treatise on the Revelations under his arm, in the form of an angel, and preceding the omnipotent, who puts the forces of the dragon to the rout.

These incongruous conceptions are clothed in harmony, and interspersed with beautiful thoughts: but natural sentiments and agreeable imagery will not incorporate with the shapeless features of such a design; they stand apart from it like things of a different element, and, when they occur, only expose its deformity. On the contrary, in the brother's poem of Christ's Triumph, its main effect, though somewhat sombrous, is not marred by such repulsive contrasts; its beauties, therefore, all tell in relieving tedium, and reconciling us to defects.

GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

MERCY DWELLING IN HEAVEN AND PLEADING FOR THE GUILTY, WITH JUSTICE DESCRIBED BY HER QUALITIES.

From Giles Fletcher's Christ's Victory in Heaven.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between:
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eöus, that but now
Open'd the world, which all in darkness lay,
Doth heaven's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heaven's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and, with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept
Securely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd Poverty,
Sending his eyes to heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she
bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with his kercher'd head upwound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks do water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows
howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War;
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance; Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull and raw-bon'd spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

JUSTICE ADDRESSING THE CREATOR.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She leant her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts—the card
Where good and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But, when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that Mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All heaven, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

* * * * * * * * *

MERCY BRIGHTENING THE RAINBOW.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main;
But it the earth would water with his rain,

That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,

But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

THE PALACE OF PRESUMPTION.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeil store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court-holy water all upon her sprinkled.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceil'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:

And as her house was built so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day.

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to the Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave,
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel
brave.

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if she now had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,

And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening
blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty calls them
bound.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.
* * * * * * * * *

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose,
* * * * * * * * *

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls,

(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have molt it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their eawrs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed;
The naked boys unto the waters fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to inmould.

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

From Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island. Canto vii.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!

For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
Where now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
Where screeching satyrs fill the people's empty
steads.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms
shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;

That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His battering horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked
stands.

And that black vulture,* which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change,
and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

From the same. Canto xii.

Thrice, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:

* The Turk.

His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent:
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd, and full blest he lives, when he his God can
please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb
content him.

ELIZA;

OR AN ELEGY UPON THE UNRIPE DECEASE OF

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Composed at the request (and for a monument) of his surviving lady. By Phineas Fletcher.

Look as a stag, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)
In coverts thick conceals his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly hearse embrave:

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,
With cloudy eyes his latest hour expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping spouse Eliza, life neglecting,
And all her beauteous fairs with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his, 'twere hard to scan,
If death or sorrow's face did look more pale or wan.

Close by, her sister, fair Alicia, sits;
Fairest Alicia, to whose sweetest graces
His tears and sighs a fellow passion fits:
Upon her eye (his throne) love sorrow places;
There comfort sadness, beauty grief embraces:
Pity might seem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort death and sorrow.

At length loud grief thus with a cheerful shriek
(His trumpet) sounds a battle, joy defying;
Spreading his colours in Eliza's cheek,
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) far espying,
With hope, delight, and joy, and comfort flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,
While sighs, shrieks, tears, give chase with never fainting ceus:

"Thou traitour joy, that in prosperity
So loudly vaunt'st! whither, ah, whither fliest?
And thou that bragg'st never from life to fly,
False hope, ah! whither now so speedy hiest?
In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:
Hope, thou art dead, and Joy, in hope relying,
Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death lies dying."

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,
And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerful, said:
"Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
Thy grief doth add to mine, not ease my paining:
My death is life; such is the scourge of God:
Ah! if his rod be such, who would not kiss his rod?

"My dear, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To these my words (these my last words) apply thee!
Give me thy hand; these my last greetings are:
Show me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.
Ah, would our boys, our lesser selves, were by thee!
Those my live pictures to the world I give:
So single only die, in them twice-two I live.

"I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.
Oh, blessed God! how infinite a blessing
Is in this thought, that thro' this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guilty age depressing,
I guiltless past, no helpless man oppressing;
And coming now to thee, lift to the skies
Unbribed hands, cleans'd heart, and never tainted eyes!

"Life, life! how many Scyllas dost thou hide
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill than threaten!
Gold, honour, greatness, and their daughter, pride!
More quiet lives, and less with tempests beaten!
Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten!
He knows not strife, or brabling lawyers' brawls;
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private walls.

"Thou God of Peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this world's raging tempest hast thou brought me?
Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,
When thousand crafty foes so nearly sought me;
Else had the endless pit too quickly caught me;
That endless pit, where it is easier never
To fall, than being fall'n, to cease from falling ever.

"Ah, life! once virtue's spring, now sink of evil!
Thou change of pleasing pain, and painful pleasure;
Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th' Devil;
How dost thou bribe us with false guilded treasure,
That in thy joys we find no mean or measure!
How dost thou witch! I know thou dost deceive me:
I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave thee.

"Ah, death! once greatest ill, now only blessing,
Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,
All sickness' cure, thou end of all distressing,
Thou one meal's fast, usher to endless feasting;
Tho' hopeless griefs cry out, thy aid requesting,
Tho' thou art sweeten'd by a life most hateful,
How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is ungrateful?

"Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,
And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited!
Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.
And thou, (poor soul!) why at his sight art frighted,
Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-sighted?
Mount now, my soul, and seat thee in thy throne:
Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first wast one.

"Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd light,
And not that Sun, at which thou oft hast guessed,
But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing sight,
Which never was, which cannot be expressed?
Why lov'st thy load, and joy'st to be oppressed?
Seest thou those joys? those thousand thousand graces? [embraces."
Mount now, my soul, and leap to those outstretch'd

Thus said, and while the body slumb'ring lay,
(As Theseus Ariadne's bed forsaking)
His quiet soul stole from her house of clay;
And glorious angels on their wings it taking,
Swifter than lightning flew, for Heaven making;

There happy goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whose motion is their bait, whose rest is restless
jeering.

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King
It enters, and his presence sits enjoying;
While in itself it finds an endless spring
Of pleasures new, and never weary joying,
Ne'er spent in spending, feeding, never cloying:
Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign
them: tain them.
The mind that all can hold, yet cannot half con-

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,
Laughs at our busy care, and idle paining;
And fitting to itself that glorious crown,
Scorns Earth, where even kings most serve by
reigning;
Where men get wealth, and Hell; so lose by
gaining.
Ah, blessed soul! there sit thou still delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BORN 1552.—DIED 1618.

It is difficult exactly to estimate the poetical character of this great man, as many of the pieces that are ascribed to him have not been authenticated. Among these is the "Soul's Farewell," which possesses a fire of imagination that we would willingly ascribe to him; but his claim to it, as has been already mentioned, is exceedingly doubtful. The tradition of his having written it on the night before his execution is highly interesting to the fancy, but, like many fine stories, it has the little defect of being untrue, as the poem was in existence more than twenty years before his death. It has accordingly been placed in this collection, with several other pieces to which his name has been conjecturally affixed, among the anonymous poetry of that period.

Sir Walter was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, and studied at Oxford. Leaving the university at seventeen, he fought for six years under the Protestant banners in France, and afterwards served a campaign in the Netherlands. He next distinguished himself in Ireland, during the rebellion of 1580, under the lord deputy Lord Grey de Wilton, with whom his personal disputes eventually promoted his fortunes; for being heard in his own cause, on returning to England, he won the favour of Elizabeth, who knighted him, and raised him to

such honours as alarmed the jealousy of her favourite, Leicester.

In the mean time, as early as 1579, he had commenced his adventures, with a view to colonize America—surveyed the territory now called Virginia, in 1584, and fitted out successive fleets in support of the infant colony. In the destruction of the Spanish armada, as well as in the expedition to Portugal, in behalf of Don Antonio, he had his full share of action and glory; and though recalled, in 1592, from the appointment of general of the expedition against Panama, he must have made a princely fortune by the success of his fleet, which sailed upon that occasion, and returned with the richest prize that had ever been brought to England. The queen was about this period so indignant with him, for an amour which he had with one of her maids of honour, that, though he married the lady (she was the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton), her majesty committed him, with his fair partner, to the tower. The queen forgave him, however, at last, and rewarded his services with a grant of the manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, where he built a magnificent seat. Raleigh's mind was not one that was destined to travel in the wheel-ruts of common prejudice. It was rumoured that he had carried the freedom of his philosophical speculation to an heretical height, on many subjects; and his acceptance of the church lands of Sherborne, already mentioned, probably supplied additional motives to the clergy to swell the outcry against his principles. He was accused (by the jesuits) of atheism—a charge which his own writings sufficiently refute. Whatever were his opinions, the public saved him the trouble of explaining them; and the queen, taking it for granted that they must be bad, gave him an open, and, no doubt, edifying reprimand. To console himself under these circumstances, he projected

the conquest of Guiana, sailed thither in 1595, and, having captured the city of San Joseph, returned and published an account of his voyage. In the following year he acted gallantly under the Earl of Essex, at Cadiz, as well as in what was called the "Island Voyage."* On the latter occasion he failed of complete success only through the jealousy of the favourite.

His letter to Cecil, in which he exhorted that statesman to the destruction of Essex, forms but too sad and notorious a blot in our hero's memory; yet even that offence will not reconcile us to behold the successor of Elizabeth robbing Raleigh of his estate, to bestow it on the minion Carr; and on the grounds of a plot, in which his participation was never proved, condemning to fifteen years of imprisonment the man who had enlarged the empire of his country, and the boundaries of human knowledge. James could estimate the wise, but shrunk from cordiality with the brave. He released Raleigh, from avaricious hopes about the mine of Guiana, and when disappointed in that object, sacrificed him to motives still baser than avarice. On the 29th of October, 1618, Raleigh perished on a scaffold, in Old Palace-yard, by a sentence originally iniquitous, and which his commission to Guiana had virtually revoked.

* A voyage that was aimed principally at the Spanish Plate fleets.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE SILENT LOVER.

Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come;
They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
That sues for no compassion.

Since if my plaints were not t' approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.

For not knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,

I rather chuse to want relief
Than venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting:
And so think I, with a down down derry.

When women knew no woe,
But liv'd themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.

Unborn was false Suspect;
No thought of Jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect
The virgin's life was free:
Hey down adown, did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthralled were.

Thus women welcom'd woe,
Disguis'd in name of love;
A jealous hell, a painted show,
So shall they find that prove.

Hey down a down, did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting,
Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.

A VISION UPON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd th' access of that cœlestial thief.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Ascribed to Sir W. Raleigh in England's Helicon.

Melibaeus. SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee tell.
Faustus. It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell,
And this is love, as I heard tell.
M. Yet, what is love? I prithee say.
F. It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood 's in fresh array,
And this is love, as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love? good shepherd, sain.
F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain;
It is a toothache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain.
And this is love, as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away;
Then nymphs take vantage while you may,
And this is love, as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, shew?
F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for one, a thing for moe,

And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

DULCINA.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a farther boon
The nymph he prays;
Whereto she says,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June
Persuade delay,
What boots to say,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight;

Which she denies; "Night's murky noon
In Venus' plays
Makes bold," says,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

But what promise, or profession,
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night,
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair, and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers?
Joys unseen are never sung.
Did she consent,
Or he relent?
Accepts he night, or grants she noon?
Left he her maid,
Or not? she said,
"Forego me now, come to me soon!"

HIS LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing in my heart,

To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid;
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too?
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her band as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake:
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DAVENANT.

WILLIAM DAVENANT, the son of Mr. John Davenant, a vintner, who kept the Crown Inn, in the parish of St. Martin's, Oxford, was born about the end of February, 1605-6. His mother is said to have been very beautiful: Shakespeare always lodged at the Crown Inn, on his annual journies from London to Warwickshire; and Davenant was often known to say, over the glass with his intimate friends, that the immortal dramatist might have had his reasons for putting up there, and that he should have no very great objection to being thought his son. Davenant was totally inexcusable for indulging in so unhallowed a piece of levity; and Mr. Malone was, if possible, still more so, for suggesting, that, though it was given as a joke, it was one of those jokes, which are but too true. It is certain, however, that Shakespeare was not only the undisputed favourite of our poet,—but formed, at his death, the first subject of his poetical efforts.

He went first to a grammar-school, in the parish of All Saints, in Oxford; and, in 1621, was entered a member of Lincoln college. He left the university, however, without taking his degree; and, re-

pairing to London, in quest of his fortune, became first a page to Frances, Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards, a retainer of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. The assassination of that nobleman, in 1628, necessitated Davenant to commence a writer for the stage; and, in the following year, he produced the tragedy of *Alborine, King of Lombardy*, which is said to have been acted with uncommon success. Then followed, in their order, the *Colonel*, July 22, 1629: the *Just Italian*, October 2, 1629: the *Wits*, Jan. 19, 1633-4; *Love and Honour*, November 20, 1634; *News from Plymouth*, August 1, 1635; *Platonic Lovers*, November 16, of the same year: *Unfortunate Lovers*, April 16, 1638: *Fair Favourite*, November 17, of the same year; and the *Spanish Lovers*, November 30, 1639. Besides these tragedies, he composed the following masques or entertainments for the court:—the *Temple of Love*, in 1634; the *Triumphs of the Prince D'Amour*, in 1635; *Brittania Triumphans*, in 1637; and *Salmacida Spolia*, in 1639.

These performances added considerably to our author's pecuniary resourses, and procured him the especial favour of the queen: who, in spite of the king's predilection for May, was enabled to give him the office of Poet Laureat, on the death of Jonson, in 1637. He ardently espoused the royal cause, in the subsequent disputes between the king and parliament; and, in 1641, was apprehended and put in the custody of a sergeant-at-arms, for an alleged attempt to seduce the army from the service of the commons. Bail was put in for him; and he sought refuge, for a time, in France. He returned, at length, with military stores, sent by the queen, for the Marquis of Newcastle's army. His lordship made him lieutenant-general of the ordnance; and he conducted himself with so much bravery at the siege of Gloucester, in 1643, that the king conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

At the final overthrow of the royalists, he again fled to France; where he embraced the Popish religion, and experienced a renewal of the queen's favour. She deputed him, in the summer of 1646, to urge the king's compliance with certain temporising measures; but he behaved himself so impertinently, that the king dismissed him, with severe exprobation; and, returning to Paris, he set himself about the composition of *Gondibert*, an epic poem. In 1650, he collected a body of artificers, and set sail for the colony of Virginia. The vessel was intercepted; and our poet thrown into Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight. He alleviated his imprisonment by continuing his epic poem; and had got about half through the third book,—when he was removed to the Tower of London, in order to be tried by the High Commission Court. How he escaped the trial, is not certainly known; but the credit of his rescue is generally given to Milton and two aldermen of York. The latter, it is said, had been permitted to escape a military imprisonment, while Davenant was lieutenant-general of the ordnance; and the former was repaid, at the Restoration, by our poet's exertions to include him in the act of oblivion.

Plays, by this time, had been absolutely prohibited; and, unless Davenant had devised the happy expedients of calling regular dramas, in five acts, *entertainments* instead of *plays*, he would have found his liberation little better than a change from imprisonment to pauperism. His *First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House*, in May, 22, 1656, was, indeed, a mixture of declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients; but the eight performances which succeeded,—*The Seige of Rhodes*, in the same year,—*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, in 1658,—*The History of Sir Francis Drake*, in 1659,—*The Fair Favourite*,—*Law against Lovers*, —*Playhouse to be Let*,—*The Siege* and *The Distresses*,

—were as naughty plays as could well have violated the law. The Restoration extended itself even to the theatre; and Davenant obtained a patent for representing plays, under the title of the Duke's Company, of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He opened the house with the *Siege of Rhodes*, in the spring of 1662; and, for the first time, it is said, introduced painted scenery, and female performers. The comedies of *The Rivals*, and *the Man's the Master*, came next. He altered *Macbeth* to suit his stage; and joined with Dryden in remodelling the *Tempest*. This was his last performance. He died at his house in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, April 7th, 1668; and was buried in Westminster Abbey, under a stone, inscribed, like Jonson's, with O RARE SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT! We have a good account of his person; and a bad account of his morals. He was called Bilboa, from a depression of the nose, which necessitated him to keep a piece of brown paper applied to that part; and which was traced, by cotemporary wits, 'to his familiarity with a handsome black girl, in Axeyard, Westminster.'

As a poet, perhaps Davenant is entitled to the epithet inserted upon his tomb. It was his ambition to be *rare;* and his misfortune to be successful. He was one of the first to throw off the yoke of authority; and to declare openly and boldly, that Homer was altogether unworthy of imitation. He was determined, therefore, to write Gondibert upon his own plan; excluding all episode and machinery, and confining himself, as rigorously as possible, to the dramatic unities of the narrative. He has displayed a vigorous and fertile mind; but he rendered it comparatively weak and barren by over cultivation and refinement. Almost every book is a riddle; and almost every stanza, an epigram. He could see no difference between originality and excellence; and thought, that every thing which is new, must be good. We think as meanly as any

of the servile herd of imitators; yet there are certain things which it is no mark of security to imitate; and, among these, are the long established rules of epic composition. We confess, we have some predilection for immemorial usage; and, at the hazard of insulting the manes of some dead authors, and of grievously offending a few that are living, we must think, after all, that Homer is no very contemptible poet.

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Birtha her first unpractis'd love bewailes,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragon prevailes,
By shewing high ambition is of use,
And glory in the good needs no excuse.
Goltho a grief to Ulfinore reveales,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.

Birtha her griefs to her apartment brought,
  Where all her maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie fingers wrought
  To deck the altar of the house of Praise.

But now she findes their musick turn'd to care,
  Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with'ring fav'rites are,
  Who for their sick indulgent monarch mourn.

Thula, (the eldest of this silenc'd quire)
  When Birtha at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper begg'd her to retire,
  And on her knees thus tells their sorrow's cause:

"Forgive me such experience as, too soon,
  Shew'd me unlucky Love, by which I guess
How maids are by their innocence undon,
  And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

"Forgive such passion as to speech perswades,
  And to my tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids
  Too rashly carry'd what experience taught.

"For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
  Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
  And practis'd grief, e're you did know to sin.

"This being Love, to Agatha I told,
  Did on her tongue, as on still death, rely;
But winged Love she was too young to hold,
  And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

"Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow,
  Which makes them now their time in silence waste;
Makes their neglected needles move so slow,
  And thro' their eies their hearts dissolve so faste.

"For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their heads;
  And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The spring (they think) may visit woods and meads,
  But scarce shall hear a bird, or see a flow'r."

"Ah! how" (said Birtha) "shall I dare confesse
  My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient spy?
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guesse,
  With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

"But if I love this prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any friends by vowes, you need not fear
He will make good the feature Heav'n has giv'n,
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

"Yet I have heard that men, whom maids think kinde,
Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour,
Oft prove like seas, inrag'd by ev'ry winde,
And all to whom their bosoms trust, devour.

"Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the minde)
My heart bears men no malice, nor esteems
Young princes of the common cruel kinde,
Nor love so foul as it in story seems.

"Yet if this prince brought love, what e're it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my mede'nal huswiffrie,
Confections, and my stills, are all forgot.

"Blossoms in windes, berries in frosts, may fall!
And flowers sink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to gardens to prevent a showre."

Then she retires; and now a lovely shame,
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her cheeks;
In a dark lanthorn she would bear love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her lover seeks,

And to that lover let our song return:
Whose tale so well was to her father told,

As the philosopher did seem to mourn
That youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

Yet Birtha was so precious in his eies,
And her dead mother still so near his mind,
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a pledg he to his trust resign'd.

"Whoe're" (said he) "in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp, (Death's moving palace) bred.

"Wise youth, in books and batails, early findes
What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late;
Books show the utmost conquests of our minds,
Batails, the best of our lov'd bodys' fate.

"Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with kings' high blood,
(Whose blood ambition's feaver over-heats)
May spoile digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

"For though books serve as diet of the minde,
If knowledge, early got, self value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to winde,
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

"Though war's great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews victors but authentick murd'rers are.

"And I may fear that your last victories
Were glory's toyles, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies still you fed your eies)
Those little objects which in shades we hide.

"Could you, in Fortune's smiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns,
And such think Rhodalind their valour's due."

To this the noble Gondibert replies:
"Think not ambition can my duty sway;
I look on Rhodalind with subject's eies,
Whom he that conquers must in right obay.

"And though I humanly have heretofore
And beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.

"Though, since I gave the Hunns their last defeat,
I have the Lombards' ensignes onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred.

"Who cast on more than wolvish man his eie,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
That caus'd not his devouring maledy;
But, like a wanton whelp, he loves to gnaw.

"Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose law is temp'rance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

"And as in persons, so in publick states,
  The lust of pow'r provokes to cruel warre;
For wisest senates it intoxicates,
  And makes them vain, as single persons are.

"Men into nations it did first divide,
  Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent [stiles;
Rivers, whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
  Part them as much as continents and isles.

"On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground,
  The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits, by a border and a bound,
  What was before as passable as air:

"Whilst change of languages oft breeds a warre,
  (A change which fashion does as oft obtrude,
As women's dresse) and oft complexions are,
  And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.

"Since men so causelessly themselves devour,
  (And hast'ning still their else too hasty fates,
Act but continu'd massacres for pow'r)
  My father ment to chastise kings and states.

"To overcome the world, till but one crown
  And universal neighbourhood he saw;
Till all were rich by that allyance grown,
  And want no more should be the cause of law.

"One family the world was first design'd;
  And tho' some fighting kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of seas and winde,
  Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.

"Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
  To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from Earth, ere age does call,
  Who are (alas!) of Heav'n so little sure.

"Religion ne'r, till divers monarchys,
  Taught that almighty Heav'n needs armys' aid;
But with contentious kings she now complies,
  Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

"To joyn all sever'd pow'rs (which is to end
  The cause of war) my father onward fought;
By war the Lombard scepter to extend
  Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly sought.

"He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
  And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,
If what seems difficult be great and good)
  Thought his example could not make me err.

"No place I merit in the book of Fame!
  Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans fill'd;
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
  And she has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.

"But let not what so needfully was done,
  Tho' still pursu'd, make you ambition feare;
For could I force all monarchys to one,
  That universal crown I would not weare.

"He who does blindly soar at Rhodalind,
  Mounts, like seel'd doves, still higher from his ease;
And in the lust of empire he may finde,
  High hope does better than fruition please.

"The victor's solid recompense is rest;
And 'tis unjust that chiefs, who pleasure shunn,
Toyling in youth, should be in age opprest
With greater toyles, by ruling what they wonn.

"Here all reward of conquest I would finde,
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade;
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde,
And praise her most, because she Birtha made."

Now Astragon (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow, hide.

With teares bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eie make
All good within, as to the world he seems;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

Straight to his lov'd philosophers he hies,
Who now at Nature's counsel busy are
To trace new lights, which some old gazer spies,
Whilst the duke seeks more busily his starre.

But in her search, he is by Goltho stay'd,
Who in a close dark covert foldes his armes;
His eies with thoughts grow darker than that shade,
Such thoughts as yielding breasts with study warmes.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his eie!
His sences he calls in, as if t' improve,
By outward absence, inward extacie,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

"Awake!" (said Gondibert) "for now in vain
  Thou dream'st of sov'raignty and war's success;
Hope nought has left, which worth should wish to gain;
  And all ambition is but hope's excess.

"Bid all our worthys to unarm, and rest!
  For they have nought to conquer worth their care;
I have a father's right in Birtha's breast,
  And that's the peace for which the wise make warre."

At this starts Goltho, like some army's chief,
  Whom, unintrench'd, a midnight larum wakes;
By pawse then gave disorder'd sence relief,
  And this reply with kindled passion makes:

"What means my prince to make so low a boast,
  Whose merit may aspire to Rhodalind?
For who could Birtha miss if she were lost,
  That shall by worth the other's treasure find?

"When your high blood and conquests shall submit
  To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamp, in darkness sit,
  And war become the lowly shepheard's trade.

"Birtha (a harmless country ornament!)
  May be his bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your army spent,
  And wed that empire which our wounds deserve."

This brought the duke's swift anger to his eies,
  Which his consid'rate heart rebuk'd as faste;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies,
  Leaves him, and Birtha seeks with lover's haste.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
  Or that the duke shuns empire for a bride;
But that himself must joyn love to despair;
  Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
  From Oswald's field, where, though he wounds did scape
In tempting death, and here no danger sought,
  Yet here meet worse than death in beauty's shape.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres,
  And not till now for beauty leasure had;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
  Till new despair makes love's old weight too sad.

But Ulfinore does hither aptly come,
  His second breast, in whom his griefs' excesse
He may ebb out, where they o'reflow at home;
  Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utt'rance press.

"Forgive me, that so falsly am thy friend!
  No more our hearts for kindness shall contest;
Since mine I hourly on another spend,
  And now imbrace thee with an empty brest.

"Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault,
  Who walks with her first force in Birtha's shape;

And when she spreads the net to have us caught,
  It were in youth presumption to escape.

"When Birtha's grief so comely did appear,
  Whilst she beheld our wounded duke's distresse;
Then first my alter'd heart began to fear,
  Least too much love should friendship dispossesse."

But this whilst Ulfinore with sorrow hears,
  Him Goltho's busier sorrow little heeds;
And though he could replie in sighs and tears,
  Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds:

"To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd,
  I lack'd experience why to be affraid;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom Love had harm'd,
  But have his will, as Nature's law, obay'd.

"Th' obedient and defencelesse, sure, no law
  Afflicts, for law is their defence and pow'r;
Yet me, Love's sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
  Wolf-love, because defencelesse, does devour:

"Gives me not time to perish by degrees,
  But with despair does me at once destroy;
For none who Gondibert a lover sees,
  Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

"Birtha he loves; and I from Birtha fear
  Death, that in rougher figure I despise!"
This Ulfinore did with distemper hear,
  Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies:

"Ah, Goltho! who love's feaver can asswage?
For though familiar seem that old disease,
Yet, like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

"Nature's religion, love, is still perverse,
And no commerce with cold discretion hath;
For if discretion speak when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith."

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His saint profan'd, as if some plague were nie;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinore, and fear'd
To share such veng'ance, if he did not flie.

How each at home o're-rates his miserie,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the windes, whilst onely he,
Of all the glad and licens'd world, is aw'd.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are free.

So Goltho (who by Ulfinore was brought
Here, where he first love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks, tho' himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

But Ulfinore (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from Birtha's sight;

Ideas which in silence hidden were,
  As Heav'ns designes before the birth of light.

This from his father Ulfin he did hide,
  Who, strict to youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the bosome of a bride,
  Should be but after vertuous toyles possest.

For Ulfinore (in blooming honour yet)
  Tho' he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And tho' his courage could dull armys whet,
  The care o're crouds, nor conduct could not
    know:

Nor varie batails' shapes in the foes' view;
  But now in forraigne fields meanes to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
  That merit so might get him leave to love.

Till then, check'd passion shall not venture forth:
  And now retires with a disorder'd heart;
Griev'd, least his rival should by early'r worth
  Get love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack,
  Or as misguided travailers that rove,
Oft finde their way by going somewhat back;
  So let's return, thou ill conductor, Love!

Thy little wanton godhead, as my guide,
  I have attended many a winter night,
To seek whom time for honour's sake would hide,
  Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be spent,
  Whilst I in lab'rinths stray amongst the dead;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
  And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

Thy walk (though as a common deitie
  The croud does follow thee) misterious grows,
For Rhodalind may now closs mourner die,
  Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
  Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers
  O'recast their morn, what e're their evening
    proves.

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines;
  For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
  And as to fate, does to ambition yield.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
  Whom she adores like vertue in a throne;
Whilst Ulfinore and Goltho (late vow'd friends
  By him) are now his rivals, and their owne.

Through ways thus intricate to lovers' urnes
  Thou leadst me, Love, to show thy trophies past;
Where Time (less cruel than thy godhead) mournes
  In ruines which thy pride would have to last.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
  Old lovers' names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd;

But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombes; than how they liv'd,
and dy'd.

To Paphos flie! and leave me sullen here!
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth so just a cause of feare,
That it will valour seem to dare to live!

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

Full grows the presence now, as when all know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.

Nor Ulfinore nor Goltho absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoyning closet) fears to heare;
And beggs kind Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

"If to thy fame," (brave youth) "I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

"But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Hunns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eies cannot thy trophies finde.

"When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

"Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyn, by laws were known;
For laws but made more currant victors' pow'r.

"A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

"A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

"To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

"Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes' veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilium feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self would climbe.

"And Hubert is of highest victors' breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate procede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

"His valour shall the Gothic conquest keep;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty mindes
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had musick common as the windes.

"That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kinde,
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

"For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are she:
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

"And richer than that crown (which shall be thine,
When life's long progress I am gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine

And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard
Moaning to fav'rite eares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarch's griefs, by which they bashful grow;
And in that shame beholders they forbid;
Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

And Gondibert with dying eies did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who eannot then relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply'd.

"Victorious king! Abroad your subjeets are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre:
And by your laws safe from each other be.

"A king you are o're subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o're loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their libertics,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

"To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

"Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled vertue finde) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and oisel's juice endures;

"Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

"Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

"Far in ambition's feaver am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

"Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd feare,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appeare,

"When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

"Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal sutors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire waite.

"Amongst this ruling race she choyce may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the minde,
Eies that in empire's drowsie calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

"A prince who more inlarges pow'r than lands;
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

"Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possest; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nyle; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

"Thus (princess) you should choose; and you will finde;
Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your cies."

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral eares:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his feares.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewayles;
And now her hope a weak physitian seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevailes
Like common med'cines, slowly in extreams.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
  This fore'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
  To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
  Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poore,
  But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
  The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
  Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
  In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
  Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
  Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
  Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
  Destroying wholly vertue's race in one;
So by the first of my unlucky sex,
  All in a single ruine were undone.

"Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! Whilst I
  Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That vertuous men forsake so willingly
  Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

"Let me her servant be! A dignity,
  Which if your pity in my fall procures;
I still shall value the advancement high,
  Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
  The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emrauld drew;
  Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

The thirti'th carract it had doubled twice;
  Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
  Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
  Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
  Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! "This (Birtha) from my male
  Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
  The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

"Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
  To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,
  And that the emrauld is the bridal stone;

"Though much renown'd because it chastnes loves,
  And will when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves,
  By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

"Though emraulds serves as spies to jealous brides,
  Yet each compar'd to this does councel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
  Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

"With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
  Who may in all your kinder feares be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
  By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artful pencil Birtha drawn
  (With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
  A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
  Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
  A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vastc to be contain'd in speech)
  Thus she a little spake! "Why stoop you down
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
  Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

"Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
  Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your vertue has with angels place,
  And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

"And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their knees;
  So I tow'rds you, though love aspirc, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
  Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

"If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
  Far from your bosome banish'd be my hcart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
  Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

"But thus ascending from your humble maid
  To be your plighted bridc, and then your wife,

Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
  Till time my duty eancel with my life.

"And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
  Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you ean tax the Spring
  For boasting of those flowres she eannot hide.

"Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
  By duty to esteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
  Will luekyer than his former triumphs prove.

"For though but twiec he has approaeh'd my sight,
  He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
  And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fix'd eontinu'd sight,
  The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their saered plight;
  Like flowres still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innoeent,
  The sickness of extreames, and eannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impedimcnt) has sent
  To tell the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And ealls him to that triumph whieh he fears
  So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
  Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
  And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,
By now appearing forward to obay,
  A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
  Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
  When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has now his curious sight suffis'd
  With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
  Fashions of mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

The busie court prepares to move, on whom
  Their sad offended eyes the country caste;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
  And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
  Even so the duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
  Which are the first, and dangerous signes of love.

All his addresses much by Goltho were
  And Ulfinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence neer;
  But shun his eyes, to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
  For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
  And not despaire to kindle them to night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
  Which neer fair Rhodalind the duke containes;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
  But honour so refus'd, more honour gaines.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
  Are even by weakest breath, a whisper, stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
  To Laura's woman from a household maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's eare
  An echo, which from all redoubled soon:
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
  As makes them look like ev'ning to her noon.

And Laura (of her own bright beauty proud,
  Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold and loud,
  With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
  Her presence, as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd:
  Yet Gartha still calls out to have her brought!

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
  Compassion's self might sit at school, and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distrest;
  And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
  To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd, nor that her self obay'd
  In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
  Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
  To wear this royal may'ds, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
  And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
  Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
  Hope (who, though weak, a willing painter is,
And busily does every pattern draw)
  By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
  So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
  But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
  (Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)
That they, at best, are but judicious thieves,
  And know the noble vallue of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
  Injurious greatness! did you hither come,
Where pow'rs strong nets of wyre were never laid?
  But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
  Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would sleep;
  False lights to scare poor birds in country [shade!

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
  Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she devours)
Calls it our pride; envy, the poys'nous snake,
  Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as flowres!

"Forgive me, beauteous greatness, if I grow
  Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so,
  As to believe that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind."

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And careful Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emrauld, lost.

But that kinde heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sence,
Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emrauld took:
"If now," (said she) "my lord my heart deceaves
This stone will by dead paleness make me look
Pale as the snowy skin of lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gemm did fling
Where she oppos'd the rayes, as if she had
Been dy'de in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nimphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rayes retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so neer the rubies of her lips.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this relique brought:
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to superstition would sublime,

But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distress to Heav'n would climbe.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just
And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, love; which when we trust,
Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HABINGTON.

BORN 1605.—DIED 1654.

THE mother of this poet, who was daughter to Lord Morley, is reported to have written the famous letter of warning, in consequence of which the gunpowder plot was discovered. His father, who had been suspected of a share in Babington's conspiracy, and who had owed his release to his being godson to Queen Elizabeth, was a second time imprisoned, and condemned to death, on the charge of having concealed some of the agents in the gunpowder plot: but, by Lord Morley's interest, was pardoned, on condition of confining himself to Worcestershire, of which county he lived to write a voluminous history.

The family were catholics; and his son, the poet, was sent to St. Omer's, we are told, with a view to make him a Jesuit, which he declined. The same intention never failed to be ascribed to all English families who sent their children to that seminary. On his return from the continent he lived chiefly with his father, who was his preceptor. Of the subsequent course of his life, nothing more seems to be on record than his marriage and his literary works. The latter consisted of effusions, entitled Castara, the poetical name of his mistress; the

Queen of Arragon, a tragedy; a History of Edward IV.; and Observations on History.

Habington became a poet from the courtship of the lady whom he married, Lucy, daughter to Lord Powis. There is no very ardent sensibility in his lyrics, but they denote a mind of elegant and chaste sentiments. He is free as any of the minor poets of his age from the impurities which were then considered as wit. He is, indeed, rather ostentatiously platonic, but his love language is far from being so elaborate as the complimentary gallantry of the preceding age. A respectable gravity of thought, and succinct fluency of expression, are observable in the poems of his later life.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

TO CASTARA,

INTENDING A JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTREY.

Why haste you hence, Castara? Can the Earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Show lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose,
In emulation of thy cheeke, a rose,
Sweete as thy blush; upon thy selfe then set
Iust value, and scorne it thy counterfet.
The spring's still with thee; but perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; O rather let
Th' ingrateful Earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating Industry, than we
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but thee.
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

TO CASTARA,

BEING DEBARR'D HER PRESENCE.

Banisht from you, I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unseene messenger, to speak my minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse,
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you. [cye
Heare her then speake. "Bright lady, from whose
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to die
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
Your setled faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from Marlow sends
His eyes to Seymors. Then ehides th' envious trees,
And unkinde distanee. Yet his faneie sees
And eourts your beauty, joyes as he had eleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes beeause deceiv'd.
Be eonstant as y' are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious trumph waits o' th' vietorie
Your love will purehase, showing us to prize
A true eontent. There onely Love hath eyes."

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet whieh alone
Prospers in some happy shade:
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd.

For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her self survey she takes,
But' tweene men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,

Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
  O'er that darknesse, whence is thrust
  Prayer, and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie:
  All her vowes religious be,
  And her love she vowes to me.

TO CASTARA.

UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.

The breath of time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So dark a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night,
Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
(For that like Time devours whom it gave breath)
Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
But I, whose griefe no formal limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
Thou hast revir'd to triumph o'er thy hearse.

TO CASTARA.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay,
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinions often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame,
For sinne's blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart where no impure
  Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence ingage,
Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes,
Which not the softnesse of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
  Provokes new appetite:
With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
Aiming each beautious marke to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
  Observe but how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hither backe; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill.
Our hearts shall freely 'tweene us move; [love.
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

David.

When I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, the son of sir John Suckling, comptroller of the household, under Charles I. was born at Witham, in Middlesex, in the year 1613. Dr. Anderson, as a physician, very properly notices 'the remarkable circumstance of his mother's going till the eleventh month with him;' and Longbaine, resolved to improve the story, tells us, that 'his life was not less remarkable than his birth; for he had so pregnant a genius, that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ in it at nine years of age.' After this, we are prepared to hear, that he consumed all the literature of his age; and then 'travelled to digest' it. He performed a campaigne under Gustavus Adolphus; and was present at three battles and five sieges. He returned to England, a finished gentleman; and is said to have been conspicuous for his wit and gaiety, in a court, which had nothing but wit and gaiety to boast of. In common with Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and others, he wrote plays for the diversion of the court; and the 'setting out' of his *Aglaura*, is said to have cost *three* or *four hundred* pounds. At the rupture of the civil war, Dr. Anderson says, 'his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour;' for, after expending twelve thousand pounds in splendid equipments for a troop of horse, he returned

from the service, without having achieved a single exploit. When we are told, immediately after, however, that he took his 'miscarriage very much at heart,' and when we have just before learned, that he was in various battles and sieges, under a leader, who was no patron of cowards, we cannot help thinking, that the doctor's remark, in his behalf, has more point than truth. Our poet died on the 7th of May, 1641.

Suckling is one of what Pope calls the 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease' in the reign of Charles I. His great ambition was to shine as a finished gentleman; and, like most of his cotemporary wits, he only became a poet that he might appear the better courtier. He does not take rank among any distinct class of writers; though, if the quantity of verse were to be the standard of its character, he must unquestionably be ranked with the playwrights. He is as sprightly, and as amorous, and as licentious, as any of his brother wits. Lloyd says, with a distinction which all apologists should recognise, that Suckling's thoughts were not so loose as his expressions; nor his life so vain as his thoughts. Besides, what reformation might not have been expected, had he not died so early? And, young or old, cannot the age in which he lived sustain the blame of all his immorality?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

A SESSIONS OF THE POETS.

A SESSION was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it (they say:)
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And
Therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together.
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There Selden and he sate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:

And
There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry;
Selwin and Walter, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,

And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others' were but
plays.

And
Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errours that had lasted many an age;
And he hopes they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist, out-done by no man.

Apollo stopt him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But
Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of 's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and
pain.

And
All that were present there did agree,
A laureat Muse should be easie and free; [grace
Yet sure t'was not that, but 'twas thought that his
Consider'd he was well, he had a cup bearer's place

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped the handsomness of 's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And
Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his snow would sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they
That concluded of merit upon success. [went less,

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stept in;
But, alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whispering nothing in some body's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court:
But, sir, you may thank my lady Carlile for't:

For had not her care furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forsooth) from the queen.
'Twas discreetly done too; for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the
room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear;
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i'th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo asked him first of all,
If he understod his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bayes above all the rest;
But the mounsieur was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon mist, little Cid:
And having spied him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spied him; but, knowing his mind,
Past by, and call'd Faulkland, that sat just behind:

But

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though to say the truth, (and Apollo did know it)
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length, who but an alderman did appear,
At which will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declar'd, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin:
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the lawrel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought of borrowing:
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown,
When he lends any poets about the town.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond love?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale!

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

SONG.

Honest lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
Perswad'st thy self that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was askt thee properly;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

LOVE AND DEBT ALIKE TROUBLESOME.

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink, and sing, I shou'd be very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor e'er a knave a shilling.
'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of our rest;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world is blest:
He sees the golden age wherein all things were free and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no man nor woman.
Tho' Crœsus compassed great wealth, yet he still craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door to door.
Tho' Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept him sad;
He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark mad.

SONG.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shou'd'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it, were in vain:
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Wou'd steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell wo,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

SONG.

The crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,
Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,
Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me where his ambush lay,
Secure and careless, to a stranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this beauty stand.
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess
The blind lad's pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I'll fly to her's as to a sanctuary.

SELECT POEMS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMBELL.

LIFE OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

DIED 1650.

THIS poet fell into neglect in his old age. He was however one of the first of our old minor poets that was rescued from oblivion in the following century. Pope, borrowed from him, but acknowledged his obligations. Crashaw formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry, that of Marino; and there is a prevalent harshness and strained expression in his verses; but there are also many touches of beauty and solemnity, and the strength of his thoughts sometimes appears even in their distortion. If it were not grown into a tedious and impertinent fashion to discover the sources of Paradise Lost, one might be tempted to notice some similarity between the speech of Satan in the Sospetto di Herode of Marino (which Crashaw has translated) and Satan's address to the sun in Milton. The little that is known of Crashaw's life exhibits enthusiasm, but it is not that of a weak or selfish mind. His private character was amiable; and we are told by the earliest editor of his "Steps to the Temple," that he was skilled in music, drawing, and engraving.

His father, of whose writings an account is given in the tenth volume of the Censura Literaria, was a preacher at the Temple church, London. His son, the poet, was born in London, but at what time is uncertain. He was educated at the Charter-house through the bounty of two friends, Sir Henry Yelverton, and Sir Francis Crew. From thence he removed to Cambridge, where he became a fellow, and took a degree of master of arts. There he published his Latin poems, in one of which is the epigram from a scripture passage, ending with the line, so well known,

> "Lympha pudica Deum videt et erubuit."
>
> "The modest water saw its God and blushed."

And also his pious effusions, called "Steps to the Temple." The title of the latter work was in allusion to the church at Cambridge; near his residence, where he almost constantly spent his time. When the covenant, in 1644, was offered to the universities, he preferred ejection and poverty to subscribing it. Already he had been distinguished as a popular and powerful preacher. He soon after embraced the catholic religion, and repaired to France. In austerity of devotion he had no great transition to make to catholicism; and his abhorrence at the religious innovations he had witnessed, together with his admiration of the works of the canonized St. Teresa of Spain, still more easily account for his conversion. Cowley found him at Paris in deplorable poverty, and recommended him to his exiled queen, Henrietta Maria. Her majesty gave him letters of recommendation to Italy, where he became a secretary to one of the Roman cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. Soon after the latter appointment he died, about the year 1650.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

SOSPETTO D' HERODE.

LIBRO PRIMO.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's master his own death divines;
Struggling for help, his best hope is,
Herod's suspicion may heal his;
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whose birth
Means Heav'n, should meddle with his earth.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theam, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,

The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors: whose throats, answering his swords,
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for words.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings,
The beauties of whose dawn what eye can bide
Which with the Sun himself weighs equal wings,
May of heroic worth! whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings:
Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows,
To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flow'rs
Other than what their own blest beauties bring,
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'rs,
That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,
Nor Syrian flame, nor Boreau frost deflow'rs:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy wing,
Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves
Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth
Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rival to thee! [Earth.
Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient
Far more than matter for my Muse and me.

The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the same,
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things,
The worlds profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears:
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire:
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where sev'n tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire
And to make up Hell's majesty, each horn
Sev'n crested hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spight
Of Hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life, of a long death.

In this sad house of slow destruction
(His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath
  A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
  While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong
    lash.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king:
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a
    sting:
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.
  Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he
    reigns,
  His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise?
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
  Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
  Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming
    fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
  There does he fix his eyes: and there detect
  New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves; he does 'nquire
Into the old prophesies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire,
  To crown their past predictions, both he lays
  Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present,
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
  His birth, by his devotion, who began
  Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy North, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands,
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
  Of fair Engaddi honey-sweating fountains
  With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; and with spight
He markt how the poor shepherds ran to pay

Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the ruby portals of the East,
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols, all confess
A coming deity. He saw the nest
Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night: whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor ask'd leave of the Sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious hand-maid) rais'd
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward to find the world's true Orient.

Struck with these great concurrences of things;
Symptoms so deadly, unto death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings:
Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Foot-steps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell.

With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghastly shreek, whose horrid yell
  Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,
  The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spight.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be:
He studies scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n expecting ages hope to see
  A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth
  From a chaste virgin womb should bless the Earth.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;
How God's eternal son should be man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual pow'r;
  How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
  And life itself wear Death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie;
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family;
  That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
  Who in a throne of stars thunders above;

That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep.
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
And free Eternity submit to years:

And further, that the law's eternal giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience:
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense:
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest,
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest
The face's lightning, or a smile, is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart oppprest,
A desperate, "Oh me," drew from his deep breast.

"Oh me!" (thus bellow'd he) "Oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?

Frown I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?
  Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
  Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

"He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark house of shades, horrour, and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, when all my cheer
  Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
  That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

"Dark, dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we pow'rs of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
Where never wing of Angel yet made way.
  What though I miss'd my blow? yet I strook high,
  And to dare something is some victory.

"Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not 't invest
(O my despight!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill our future stories?
  Must the bright arms of Heav'n rebuke these eyes?
  Mock me, and dazle my dark mysteries?

"Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that guild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Oppress the common-people of the skies.

"Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grow.
If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathise;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

"And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
My self? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what e'er doth boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strength:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight."

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their hands:
And all the powers of Hell in full applause
Flourish'd their snakes and toss'd their flaming brands.

"We" (said the horrid sisters) "wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

"What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:
Let Heav'n's lord chide above louder than thou
In language of his thunder, thou at even
With him below: here thou art lord alone
Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

"If usual wit and strength will do no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbs, use stronger charms,
Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood:
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
And pouring on Heav'ns face the sea's huge flood,
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms
Ruin, where e'er she sleeps at Nature's feet;
And crush the world till his wide corners meet."

Reply'd the proud king, "O my crown's defence!
Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave worth
The frighted stars took faint experience,
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched forth:
Still you are prodigal of your love's expense
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt."

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution:
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:
And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round
A gen'ral hiss, from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,
In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so merciless as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears,
The walls' inexorable steel, no hand
Of time or teeth of hungry ruin fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
Of ragged limbs, torn sculls, and dash'd out brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter sweat,
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.

There rude impetuous rage does storm, and fret:
And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
  Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
  With endless business almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
  Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
  Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,
Which harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane Erisicthon too makes one,
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests;
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
  The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull,
  Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim [full.

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
Medæa, Jezabel, many a meagre witch,
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her;
But her best huswives are the Parcæ, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her;
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
  Her cruel clothes of costly threads they weave,
  Which short-cut lives of murdered infants leave,

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree:
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good:

Each herb a plague; the winds' sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
  Minotaures, Cyclopses, with a dark drove!
  Of dragons, hydras, spinxes, fill the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas;
Busiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his severest prison has;
The Lestrigonians here their table rear;
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass;
  Here cruel Sciron boasts his bloody rocks,
  And hateful Schinis his so feared oaks.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the swords of flames
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
  Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
  Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
The horrid sum of his intentions tell;
But she (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell:
She rose, and with her to our world did bring
Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
  With a chang'd countenance witness'd the fight,
  And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight;
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more

But shut their flowry lids for ever; night
And winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsie spreading o'er
  The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
  Had not her thick snakes hid them from the
    Sun.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing, wip'd from the brows of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
  Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
  Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

When the Erynnis her black pineons spread,
And came to Bethlem where the cruel king
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
His breast a while from Care's unquiet sting.
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
  Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
  And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By proud usurping Herod now was born
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd.
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
  A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
  And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
To where the king's proudly-reposed head
(If any can be soft to tyranny
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread:
To change her face's style she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

Her self a while she lays aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortal part.
Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge: feign'd is her voice, and false too be
Her words, "Sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?" said she.

"So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest
With many a mercyless o'er-mastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
Which of them deep'st shall dig her watry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest
In death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? look up and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

"Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung,
A most strange babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among

Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

"What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains? th' have fire
Already in their bosoms; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword: they hire
Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?
Go now, make much of these: wage still their wars,
And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

"Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well-pois'd sceptre? does it now seem good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain?
'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou sleep?

"Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self, hath stol'n king Herod from thee?
O call thy self home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee:
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy self into a shape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
Immortal stings to thy great thoughts, and thee."

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd
(A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,
  Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein,
  This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears
His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him,
To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him,
  He his own fancy-framed foes defies:
  In rage, "My arms, give me my arms," he cries.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
The caldron-poison'd waters straight conspire,
And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves?
He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor, frets, and foams, and raves;
  Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
  Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoln brest,
Not to be slack'd but by a sea of blood.
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.

The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
  Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
  Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd:
  And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more bright,
  Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the [sight.

No sooner therefore shall the morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
But all his counsellors must summon'd be,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who posting every way
  To th' heads and officers of every band;
  Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
Heav'ns King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
But give thee a better with himself above.
  Poor jealousie! why should he wish to prey
  Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason man; and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy fears their causes are;
Thou art a soldier Herod; send thy scouts;
See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war,
What armour does he wear? a few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries. His men to dare
So much? rude shepherds. What his steeds? alas
Poor beasts! a slow ox, and simple ass.

SELECT POEMS

OF

CHARLES COTTON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

CHARLES COTTON.

BORN 1630—DIED 1687.

THERE is a careless and happy humour in this poet's voyage to Ireland, which seems to anticipate the manner of Anstey, in the Bath Guide. The tasteless indelicacy of his parody of the Æneid has found but too many admirers. His imitations of Lucian betray the grossest misconception of humourous effect, when he attempts to burlesque that which is ludicrous already. He was acquainted with French and Italian, and, among several works from the former language, translated the Horace of Corneille, and Montaigne's Essays.

The father of Cottain is described by Lord Clarendon as an accomplished and honourable man, who was driven, by domestic afflictions, to habits which rendered his age less reverenced than his youth, and made his best friends wish that he had not lived so long. From him our poet inherited an encumbered estate, with a disposition to extravagance, little calculated to improve it. After having studied at Cambridge, and returned from his travels abroad, he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Orrthorp, in Nottinghamshire. He went to Ireland, as a captain in the army; but of his military progress nothing is recorded. Having embraced the soldier's life merely as a shift in distress,

he was not likely to pursue it with much ambition. It was probably in Ireland that he met with his second wife, Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, the widow of Lord Cornwall. She had a jointure of fifteen hundred pounds a year, secured from his imprudent management. He died insolvent, at Westminster. One of his favourite recreations was angling; and his house, which was situated on the Dove, a fine trout stream, which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, was the frequent resort of his friend Isaac Walton. There he built a fishing-house, "Piscatoribus Sacrum," with the initials of honest Isaac's name and his own, united in cyphers, over the doors. The walls were painted with fishing-scenes, and the portraits of Cotton and Walton were upon the beaufet.

CHARLES COTTON.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

How uneasy is his life
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind with arms enfolding,
Be she cross and always scolding,
Be she blithe or melancholy,
Have she wit or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squand'ring,
Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle,
Be she pious or ungodly,
Be she chaste or what sounds oddly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she saint, or be she devil;
Yet uneasy is his life,
Who is marry'd to a wife.
If fair, she's subject to temptation,
If foul, herself's solicitation,

If young and sweet, she is too tender,
If old and cross, no man can mend her,
If too too kind, she's over clinging,
If a true scold, she's ever ringing,
If blithe, find fiddles, or y' undo her,
If sad, then call a casuist to her,
If a wit, she'll still be jeering,
If a fool, she's ever fleering,
If too wary, then she'll shrew thee,
If too lavish, she'll undo thee,
If staid, she'll mope a year together,
If gadding, then to London with her,
If true, she'll think you don't deserve her.
If false, a thousand will not serve her,
If she be of th' reformation,
Thy house will be a convocation,
If a libertine, then watch it,
At the window thou mayst catch it:
So uneasy is his life
Who is marry'd to a wife.
  These are all extremes, I know,
But all womankind is so,
And the golden mien to none
Of that cloven race is known;
Or to one if known it be,
Yet that one's unknown to me.
Some Ulyssean traveller
May perhaps have gone so far,
As t' have found (in spite of Nature)
Such an admirable creature.
If a voyager there be
Has made that discovery,
He the fam'd Odcombian gravels,
And may rest to write his travels.

But, alas! there's no such woman,
The calamity is common,
The first rib did bring in ruin,
And the rest have since been doing,
Some by one way, some another,
Woman still is mischief's mother,
And yet cannot man forbear,
Though it cost him ne'er so dear.
Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But, alas! I love her so
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so:
Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her:
But if sick, I then am dying,
Meat and Med'cine both defying:
So uneasy is his life,
Who is marry'd to a wife.
Why then all the great pains taking?
Why the sighing? why the waking?
Why the riding? why the running?
Why the artifice and cunning?
Why the whining? why the crying?
Why pretending to be dying?
Why all this clutter to get wives,
To make us weary of our lives?

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

The lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages,
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends; (to be plain in my matter;)
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd.
Oh Coriate! thou traveller fam'd as Ulysses,
In such a stupendious labour as this is,

Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flowr'd tabby gown,
When about some two hours and an half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon,
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd up my pipes to sing, loth to depart,
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burthen,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden:
And now farewel Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.
By pacing and trotting, betimes in the even,
E'er the Sun had forsaken one half of the Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he came;

After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good night-cap, and straight way to bed.
Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a biding;
But there (having over night plied the tap well)
We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes Chapel:
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps the house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been,
A cravat with black ribbon ty'd under his chin;
Tho' by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his ear.
Quoth he, (with low congee) "What lack you, my lord?"
"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house will afford?"
"You shall straight," quoth he; and then calls out, "Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."
"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i' th' morning so early,
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley."
Which words were scarce out, but, which made me admire,
My lordship was presently turn'd into squire:

"Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly again,
"What, must it be purl'd?"—"No, I love it best plain."
"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the price;
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle."
"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor be such,
For the best ale in England, it is not too much:
Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may stay;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, and white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsey she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her:
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will 't please you walk in?"
I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.
She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the nation
Should no where afford better accommodation:
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;

But I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk gull
A trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork out.
Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smok'd, like a new fir'd gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller:
"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and for colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich, to boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better:
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly;
And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle and spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our haste,
And I think sir George Booth did not gallop so fast,

Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good woman,
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a common;
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she choose!
And if I should farther here spur on my course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse:
To night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,
To morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven,
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd it,
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it:
But to morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,
And better or worse be't, for murther will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains
taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to mattins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the
choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my
blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good
I sent for chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no
harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter;
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner:
I din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bag-pipe more
full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;

And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my sword,
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.
Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the best:
But, however, I staid at the church's commanding
Till we came to the peace passes all understanding,
Which no sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play;
All save master mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship and's mace:

Then he and his brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marched from pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days:
But then off went my scalp case, and down went my fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kist;
By which, though thick-scull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper:
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands.

Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refus'd,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd;
But my quaint repartée had his worship possest
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches:
"Go, sirrah!" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West-Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet mine'd his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,
I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desir'd him to lead me the way.
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there;
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's;

But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince:
As he sat* in his chair, he did not much vary,
In state nor in face, from our eighth English Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like [dies,
One of those little gentlemen brought from the In-
And screwing myself into congees and cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.
Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station;
So sweet mistress may'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other;
By which I perceiv'd, though it seemed a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:

* By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now in th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was cold;
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-shoes, what if it be?
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse.
And yet, for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.
Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore, making me draw something nearer his chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:

Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills and bonds, I was ever writ squire;
That of land, I had both sorts, some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading;
By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more study'd than arts,
And was now to a captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the business which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound;
Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places wherever I came.
He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist;
When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.
To trouble you here with a longer narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,
Where, doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.

In short, then, we pip'd, and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the table,
With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espy'd me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half asham'd, for I found myself nak'd;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipp'd to horse, and away.
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;

His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
And by these the true colour one can no more know,
Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin below.
Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat:
Even such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;
And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the sands,
Till his horse, finding th' labour for three legs too sore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:
And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping;
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint;

But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us, no man knows whither.
And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed,
Gott splutter her taste, some Welch ale her had need;
For her ride in great haste, and was like shit her breeches,
For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house;
But in a small house near unto 't there was store
Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welch are not wise of their fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd full as dry as we came,
My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
O'er hills and o'er vallies uncouth and uneven,
Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been
By the cripples lay there; but I went to my inn
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw,
Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,
For four chickens were slain by my dame and her daughter;

Of which to saint Win. ere my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare fricasée made:
I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in,
Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen;
Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her conscience, her name, nor herself, were more clear,
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with light,
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scap'd master Oliver's hands;
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the margin o' th' spring
Is enclos'd with a certain octagonal ring;
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
To support and uphold from falling to ground
A cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her basin pour forth,

Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis said,
And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head;
For you are to know, that the rogues and the whores
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,
That a saint, and a virgin, endu'd with such grace,
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills:
I've study'd that point much, you cannot guess why,
But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I.
And now for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,
With as many crystalline liberal glasses,
Did all importune me to drink of the water
Of saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
Not knowing, amidst all that choice where to choose,
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite;
I took the glass from her, and, whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fancy'd a health to the saint:
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
I slipp'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have profan'd;

And giving two more to the poor that were there,
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
  My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat, that I can tell;
When having half din'd, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast:
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.
  But now my guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted:
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in;
For underneath Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to catch us.
Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed:
Redland Castle and Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connaway came at the last:
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood;
'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high water
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being drowned:

Perhaps tho' in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-castle e'er I beheld.
  The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the
      weeds,
Came in as good time, as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;
Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
Where another King's Head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BORN 1611.—DIED 1643.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had been reduced to that situation by spending a good estate. He was a King's scholar at Westminster, and took orders at Oxford, where he became, says Wood, "a most florid and seraphic preacher." Bishop Duppa, his intimate friend, appointed him succentor of the church of Salisbury in 1644. In the same year he was one of the council of war, or delegacy, appointed by the University of Oxford, for providing troops sent by the King to protect, or, as the opposite party alleged, to overawe the universities. His zeal in this service occasioned his being imprisoned by the parliamentary forces on their arrival; but he was speedily released on bail. Early in the year 1643 he was appointed junior proctor of his university, and also reader in metaphysics. The latter office we may well suppose him to have filled with ability, as, according to Lloyd's account, he studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day: but he survived his appointment to it for a very short time, being carried off by a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, which was then epidemical at Oxford. Cartwright died in his thirty-second year; but he lived long enough to earn the distinguishing praise of Ben Jonson, who used to say of him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man."

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

TO MR. W. B.

AT THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Y'ARE now transcrib'd, and publike view
Perusing finds the copy true,
Without erratas new crept in,
Fully compleat and genuine:
And nothing wanting can espy,
But only bulk and quantity:
The text in letters small we see,
And the arts in one epitome.
O what pleasure do you take
To hear the nurse discovery make,
How the nose, the lip, the eye,
The forehead full of majesty,
Shews the father? how to this
The mother's beauty added is:
And after all with gentle numbers
To wooe the infant into slumbers.
  And these delights he yields you now,
The swath, and cradle, this doth show:

But hereafter when his force
Shall wield the rattle and the horse!
When his ventring tongue shall speak
All synalæphaes*, and shall break
This word short off, and make that two,
Pratling as obligations do:
'Twill ravish the delighted sense
To view these sports of innocence,
And make the wisest dote upon
Such pretty imperfection.
  These hopeful cradles promise such
Future goodness, and so much,
That they prevent my prayers, and I
Must wish but for formality.
  I wish religion timely be
Taught him with his A B C.
I wish him good and constant health,
His father's learning, but more wealth;
And that to use, not hoard; a purse
Open to bless, not shut to curse.
May he have many, and fast friends,
Meaning good will, not private ends,
Such as scorn to understand,
When they name love, a piece of land.
May the swath and whistle be
The hardest of his bonds. May he
Have no sad cares to break his sleep,
Nor other cause, than now, to weep.
May he ne'er live to be again,
What he is is now, a child; may pain,
If it do visit as a guest,
Only call in, not dare to rest.

* A collision of a vowel left out in scanning.

LOVE'S DARTS.

WHERE is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veyl'd god throws:
O let him tell me ere I dye
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head:
I will annoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heale the harm.

Fond that I am to aske! who ere
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of humane eye
These arrows (as their waies are) flie:
The flights of angels part
Not aire with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
A subt'le taking smile
From passion, or from guile;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face;
These misconceits entitles darts,
And tears the bleeding of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing,
Unblemish'd are and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
So lights of flowing graces
Sparkling in severall places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till we that make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beautie's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore;
Like heathen we the image crown,
And undiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;
But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires.
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poysons make.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST VERTUOUS

MRS. URSULA SADLEIR.

WHO DYED OF A FEVER.

Thou whitest soul, thou thine own day,
Not sully'd by the bodie's clay,
Fly to thy native seat,
Surrounded with this heat,
Make thy disease which would destroy thee
Thy chariot only to conveigh thee;
And while thou soar'st and leav'st us here beneath,
Wee'l think it thy translation, not thy death.

But with this empty feign'd relief
We do but flatter our just grief,
And we as well may say
That martyr dy'd that day,
Ride up in flames, whom we saw burn,
And into paler ashes turn;
Who's he that such a fate translation calls,
Where the whole body like the mantle falls?

But we beguile our sorrows so
By a false scene of specious woe;
Wee'l weigh, and count, and rate
Our loss, then grieve the fate.
Wee'l know the measure of her worth,
Then mete and deal our sadness forth:
And when the sum's made up, and all is clos'd,
Say Death undid what Love himself compos'd.

What morns did from her smiling rise?
What day was gather'd in her eyes?
What air? what truth? what art?
What musick in each part?
What grace? what motion? and what skill?
How all by manage doubled still?
Thus 'twixt her self and Nature was a strife,
Nature materials brought, but she the life.

The rose when't only pleas'd the sence,
Arm'd with no thorns to give offence,
That rose, as yet curse-free,
Was not more mild than she,
Clear as the tears that did bedew her,
Fresh as the flowers that bestrew her,
Fair while she was, and when she was not, fair;
Some ruines more than other buildings are.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT

SIR BEVILL GRENVILL, KNIGHT.

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side;
Not to take arms for love of change, or spight,
But only to maintain afflicted right;
Not to dye vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversly seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, dye, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, souldier and martyr too.
  He might (like some reserved men of state,
Who look not to the cause, but to its fate)
Have stood aloof, engag'd on neither side,
Prepar'd at last to strike in with the tide:
But well-weigh'd reason told him, that when law
Either 's renounc'd, or misapply'd by th' awe
Of false-nam'd patriots, that when the right
Of king and subject is suppress'd by might;
When all religion either is refus'd
As mere pretence, or meerly as that us'd;
When thus the fury of ambition swells,
Who is not active, modestly rebels.
Whence, in a just esteem to church and crown,
He offered all, and nothing thought his own:
This thrust him into action, whole and free,
Knowing no interest but loyalty;
Not loving arms as arms, or strife for strife;
Nor wastfull, nor yet sparing of his life;
A great exactor of himself, and then,
By fair commands, no less of other men;

Courage and judgement had their equal part,
Counsell was added to a generous heart;
Affairs were justly tim'd, nor did he catch
At an affected fame of quick dispatch;
Things were prepar'd, debated, and then done,
Not rashly broke, or vainly overspun;
False periods no where by design were made,
As are by those that make the war their trade;
The building still was suited to the ground,
Whence ev'ry action issu'd full and round.
We know who blind their men with specious lyes,
With revelations and with prophesies,
Who promise two things to obtain a third,
And are themselves by the like motives stirr'd.
By no such engins he his shoulders draws,
He knew no arts but courage, and the cause:
With these he brought them on as well train'd men,
And with those two he brought them off agen.
  I should I know track him through all the course
Of his great actions, show their worth and force;
But although all are handsome, yet we cast
A more intentive eye still on the last.
  When now th' incensed legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:
When undeserv'd success urg'd on their force;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Grenvill must step in; then Grenvill stood,
And with himself oppos'd, and check'd the floud.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'rcomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work't like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring hand:

Souldier encourag'd souldier, man urg'd man,
And he urg'd all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the but, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul this while retir'd from cell to cell,
At last up flew from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, ply'd hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yeeld,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the field.
Thus he being fall'n, his action fought anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living slew.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name.
Whose life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoyls, possess that seat,
To which the valiant, when they've done, retreat:
And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my fall.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER BROME.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

ALEXANDER BROME.

BORN 1620.—DIED 1666.

ALEXANDER BROME was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. From a verse in one of his poems, it would seem that he had been sent once in the civil war, (by compulsion no doubt,) on the parliament side, but had stayed only three days, and never fought against the king and the cavaliers. He was in truth a strenuous loyalist, and the bacchanalian songster of his party. Most of the songs and epigrams that were published against the Rump have been ascribed to him. He had besides a share in the translation of Horace, with Fanshaw, Holiday, Cowley, and others, and published a single comedy, the Cunning Lovers, which was acted in 1651, at the private house in Drury. There is a playful variety in his metre, that probably had a better effect in song than in reading. Baker informs us that he was the author of much the greater part of those songs and epigrams which were published against the Rump. Philips styles him the "English Anacreon."

ALEXANDER BROME.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
  That like an angel sings;
Though, if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a she?
The only argument can move
  Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
  And may the substance gain!

Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass,
  That's with Canary lin'd.

THE COUNSEL.

Why's my friend so melancholy?
  Pr'ythee why so sad, why so sad?
Beauty's vain, and love's a folly,
  Wealth and women make men mad.
To him that has a heart that's jolly,
  Nothing's grievous, nothing's sad.
  Come, cheer up, my lad.

Does thy mistress seem to fly thee?
  Pr'ythee don't repine, don't repine:
If at first she does deny thee
  Of her love, deny her thine;
She shows her coyness but to try thee,
  And will triumph if thou pine,
  Drown thy thoughts in wine.

Try again, and don't give over,
  Ply her, she's thine own, she's thine own:
Cowardice undoes a lover,
  They are tyrants if you moan;
If nor thyself, nor love, can move her,
  But she'll slight thee, and be gone:
  Let her then alone.

If thy courtship can't invite her,
  Nor to condescend, nor to bend,

Thy only wisdom is to slight her,
  And her beauty discommend.
Such a niceness will requite her:
  Yet, if thy love will not end,
                Love thyself and friend.

LOVE'S ANARCHY.

Love, I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
A victim to thy beardless deity:
  Nor shall this heart of mine,
      Now 'tis return'd,
  Be offer'd at thy shrine,
      Or at thine altar burn'd.
Love, like religion, 's made an airy name,
To awe those fools whom want of wit makes tame.

There's no such thing as quiver, shafts, or bow,
Nor does love wound, but men imagine so.
  Or if it does perplex
      And grieve the mind,
  'Tis the poor masculine sex:
      Women no sorrows find.
'Tis not our persons, nor our parts, can move 'em,
Nor is't men's worth, but wealth, makes ladies love
      'em.

Reason, henceforth, not love, shall be my guide,
My fellow-creatures shan't be deified;
  I'll now a rebel be,
      And so pull down
  That distaff-monarchy,
      And females' fancy'd crown.

In these unbridled times who would not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative?

ON CLARET.

Within this bottle's to be seen
A scarlet liquor, that has been
  Born of the royal vine:
We but nick-name it, when we call
It gods' drink, who drink none at all,
  No higher name than wine.

'Tis ladies' liquor: here one might
Feast both his eye and appetite
  With beauty and with taste,
Cherries and roses, which you seek
Upon your mistress' lip and cheek,
  Are here together plac'd.

Physicians may prescribe their whey,
To purge our reins and brains away,
  And clarify the blood;
That cures one sickness with another,
This routs by wholesale altogether,
  And drowns them in a flood.

This poets makes, else how could I
Thus ramble into poetry,
  Nay, and write sonnets too;
If there's such pow'r in junior wines,
To make one venture upon lines,
  What could Canary do:

Then squeeze the vessel's bowels out,
And deal it faithfully about,
Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to pass through this red sea,
Our noses shall our pilots be,
And every soul a swimmer.

LOVE'S WITHOUT REASON.

'Tis not my lady's face that makes me love her,
Though beauty there doth rest,
Enough t' inflame the breast
Of one, that never did discover
The glories of a face before;
But I, that have seen thousands more,
See nought in hers but what in others are,
Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

'Tis not her virtues, nor those vast perfections,
That crowd together in her,
Engage my soul to win her,
For those are only brief collections
Of what's in man in folio writ;
Which, by their imitative wit,
Women, like apes and children, strive to do;
But we that have the substance slight the show.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
My freeborn soul can hold;
For chains are chains, though gold:
Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me:

For that's no love, but gratitude, and all
Loves, that from fortunes rise, with fortunes fall.

If friends or birth created love within me,
Then princes I'll adore,
And only scorn the poor:
If virtue or good parts could win me,
I'd turn Platonic, and ne'er vex
My soul with difference of sex;
And he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.

Reason and wisdom are to love high treason;
Nor can he truly love,
Whose flame's not far above,
And far beyond his wit or reason;
Then ask no reason for my fires,
For infinite are my desires.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

ADVICE TO CELIA.

My lovely Celia, whilst thou dost enjoy
Beauty and youth, be sure to use 'em,
And be not fickle, be not coy,
Thyself or lovers to destroy.
Since all those lilies and those roses,
Which lovers find, or love supposes,
To flourish in thy face,
Will tarry but a little space.
And youth and beauty are but only lent
To you by Nature, with this good intent.

You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em,
And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to
refuse 'em.

Let lovers' flatt'ry ne'er prevail with thee;
Nor their old compliments deceive thee,
Their vows and protestations be
Too often mere hypocrisy.
And those high praises of the witty
May all be costly, but not fit ye,
Or if it true should be
Now what thy lovers say of thee,
Sickness or age will quickly strip away
Those fading glories of thy youthful May,
And of thy graces all bereave thee:
Then those that thee ador'd before will slight thee,
and so leave thee.

Then while thou'rt fair and young, be kind, but wise,
Doat not, nor proudly use denying;
That tempting toy thy beauty lies,
Not in thy face, but lovers' eyes.
And he that doats on thee may smother
His love, i'th' beauty of another,
Or flying at all game
May quench, or else divert his flame.
His reason too may chance to interpose,
And love declines as fast as reason grows.
There is a knack to find love's treasures:
Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow,
destroys your pleasures.

ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices,
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses,
This first got a king,
And next the nine Muses;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't,
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the name on't.

Our cider and perry,
May make a man mad, but not merry,
It makes people wind-mill pated,
And with crackers sophisticated;
And your hops, yest, and malt,
When they're mingled together,
Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whither;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
That if one would write but a verse for a bell-man,
He must study till Christmas for an eight shilling jest,
These liquors wont raise, but drown and o'erwhelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in
The novice, that knows not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it:
And your claret and white
Have a gunpowder fury,
They're of the French spright,
But they wont long endure you.
And your holiday muscadine, Alicant and tent,
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't.
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish;
'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with,
But not for a man to rejoice with.
But 'tis sack makes the sport,
And who gains but that flavour,
Though an abbess he court,
In his high-shoes he'll have her;
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer:
Though the father came to town in his hobnails and leather,
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,
In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

THE POLITICIAN.

WRITTEN IN 1649.

What madness is't for him that's wise
To be so much self-hating?
Himself and his to sacrifice,
By meddling still with things too high,
That don't concern but gratify
His lechery of prating.
What is't to us who's in the ruling power?
While they protect, we're bound t' obey,
But longer not an hour.

Nature made all alike at first,
But men that fram'd this fiddle
Of government made best and worst,
And high and low, like various strings,
Each man his several ditty sings,
To tune this state down diddle.
In this grand wheel, the world, we're spokes made all,
But that it may still keep its round,
Some mount while others fall.

The blinded ruler, that by night
Sits with his host of bill-men,
With their chalk'd weapons, that affright
The wond'ring clown that haps to view
His worship and his gowned crew,
As if they sate to kill men.
Speak him but fair, he'll freely let you go;
And those that on the high rope dance,
Will do the same trick too.

I'll ne'er admire
That fatuous fire,
That is not what it seems;
For those, that now to us seem higher,
Like painted bubbles blown i' th' air,
By boys seem glorious and fair,
'Tis but in boys' esteems.
Rule of itself's a toil, and who would bear it,
But that 'twixt pride and avarice
And close revenge they'll share it.

Since all the world is but a stage,
And every man a player,
They're fools that lives or states engage;
Let's act and juggle as others do,
Keep what's our own, get others' too,
Play whiffler, clown, or mayor.
For he that sticks to what his heart calls just,
Becomes a sacrifice and prey
To the prosperous whirligig's lust.

Each wise man first best loves himself,
Lives close, thinks, and obeys,
Makes not his soul a slave to's pelf,
Nor idle squanders it away,
To cram their maws that taxes lay
On what he does or says:
For those grand chords that man to man do twist,
Now are not honesty and love,
But self and interest.

SATISFACTION.

I HAVE often heard men say,
  That the philosophers of old,
Though they were good, and grave, and gray,
  Did various opinions hold,
And with idolatry adore
The gods, that themselves had made before,
And we that are fools do do no more.

Every man desires what's good;
  But wherein that good consists
Is not by any understood.
  This sets on work both pens and fist,
For this condemns what that approves,
And this man doth hate what that man loves.
And that's the grand rule that discord moves.

This would valiant be, that wise,
  That's for th' sea, and this for land;
All do judge upon surmise,
  None do rightly understand.
These may be like, but are not that;
Something there is that all drive at,
But only they differ about the WHAT.

And from all these several ends
  Springs diversity of action;
For every man his studies bends,
  As opinion builds his faction:
Each man's his own god-smith; what he
Thinks good, is good to him; and we
First make, then adore our deity.

A mind that's honest, pure, and just,
  A sociable life and free,
A friend that dares not break a trust,
  Yet dares die if occasion be;
A heart that dictates to the tongue,
A soul that's innocent and strong,
That can, yet will not, do any wrong.

He that has such a soul and a mind,
That is so blest and so inclin'd,
What all these do seek for, he does find.

THE CLUB.

Pr'ythee, ben't so sad and serious,
  Nothing got by grief or care;
Melancholy's too imperious,
  Where it comes 'twill domineer.
If thou hast a cloudy breast,
In which thy cares would build a nest,
Then drink good sack, 'twill make thee rest,
  Where sorrows come not near.

Be it business, love, or sorrow,
  That possesses thus thy mind,
Bid them come again tomorrow.
  We are now to mirth inclin'd.
Fill thy cup, and drown them all,
Sorrows still do for liquor call;
We'll make this Bacchus' festival,
  And cast our cares behind.

He that has a heart that's drowsy,
  Shall be surely banish'd hence;
We'll shun him as a man that's lousy,
  He's of dangerous consequence.
And he that's silent like a block,
Deserves to be made a laughing-stock:
Let all good fellows shun that rock,
  For fear they forfeit sense.

Still those clocks, let time attend us,
  We'll not be to hours confin'd;
We'll banish all that may offend us,
  Or disturb our mirth design'd:
Let the glass still run its round,
And each good fellow keep his ground;
And if there be any flincher found,
  We'll have his soul new coin'd.

THE ANTI-POLITICIAN.

Come, leave thy care, and love thy friend,
  Live freely, don't despair;
Of getting money there's no end,
  And keeping it breeds care.
If thou hast money at thy need,
  Good company, and good wine;
His life, whose joys on wealth do feed,
  's not half so sweet as thine.

I can enjoy myself and friends,
  Without design or fear;

Below their envy, or base ends,
  That politicians are.
I neither toil, nor care, nor grieve,
  To gather, keep, or lose;
With freedom and consent I live,
  And what's my own I use.

While men blown on with strong desires
  Of riches or renown,
Though ne'er so high, would still be higher,
  So tumble headlong down.
For princes' smiles turn oft to frowns,
  And favours fade each hour;
He that to day heaps towns on towns,
  To morrow's clap'd i' th' Tower.

All that we get by all our store,
  's but honour or dominion;
The one's but trouble varnish'd o'er,
  And t'other's but opinion.
Fate rules the roast, times always change,
  'Tis fancy builds all things;
How madly then our minds do range,
  Since all we grasp hath wings.

Those empty terms of rich and poor,
  Comparison hath fram'd;
He hath not much that covets more;
  Want is but will nicknam'd.
If I can safely think and live,
  And freely laugh or sing,
My wealth I'll not for Crœsus give,
  Nor change lives with a king.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CHALMERS.

LIFE OF SHERBURNE.

THIS poet descended from an ancient family of the same name at Stanyhurst in Lancashire. His grandfather, Henry, appears to have belonged, but in what capacity is not known, to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and settled in that city, where Edward the father of our poet was born. This Edward went afterwards to London, and became secretary to the first East India company, that was established by queen Elizabeth's charter, and in 1613 obtained a reversionary grant of the office of clerk of the ordnance. He was afterwards knighted by Charles I*. He married Frances, the second daughter of John Stanley, of Roydon Hall, in Essex, esq. and resided in Goldsmith's Rents, near Redcross-street, Cripplegate. His son, the poet, was born here September 18, 1618, and educated by the celebrated Thomas Farnaby, who then taught a school in Goldsmiths' Rents. On his removal to Sevenoaks, in Kent, in 1636, young Sherburne was educated privately under the care of Mr. Charles Aleyn, the poetical historian of the battles of Cressy

* Gent. Mag. LXVI. p. 462. *C.*

and Poietiers, who had been one of Farnaby's ushers. On the death of Aleyn in 1640, his pupil, being intended for the army, was sent to complete his education abroad, and had travelled in France and part of Italy, when his father's illness obliged him to return. After his father's death in 1641, he succeeded to the clerkship of his majesty's ordnance, the reversion of which had been procured for him in 1638; but the rebellion prevented his retaining it long. Being a Roman catholic, and firmly attached to the king, he was ejected by a warrant of the house of Lords in April or May, 1642, and harassed by a long and expensive confinement in the custody of the usher of the black rod.

On his release, he determined to follow the fortunes of his royal master, who made him commissary general of the artillery, in which post he witnessed the battle of Edge-hill, and afterwards attended the king at Oxford, where he was created master of Arts, December 20, 1642. Here he took such opportunities as his office permitted of pursuing his studies, and did not leave Oxford until June, 1646, when it was surrendered to the parliamentary forces. He then went to London, and was entertained by a near relation, John Povey, esq. at his chambers in the Middle Temple. Being plundered of all his property, and what is ever most dear to a man of learning, his ample library, he would probably have sunk under his accumulated sufferings, had he not met with his kinsman, Thomas Stanley esq.* who was a sufferer in the same cause, and secreted near the same place. But some degree of toleration must have been extended to him soon after, as in 1648 he published his translation of Seneca's Medea, and in the same year Seneca's answer to Lucilius' question, "Why good men

* Father of the learned Thomas Stanley, esq. Phillips dedicated his Theatrum Poetarum to Stanley and Sherburne. *C.*

suffer misfortunes, seeing there is a Divine Providence?" In 1651, he published his Poems and Translations, with a Latin dedication to Mr. Stanley; and when sir George Savile, afterwards Marquis of Halifax, returned from his travels about that time, he appointed Mr. Sherburne superintendant of his affairs, and by the recommendation of his mother, lady Savile, he was afterwards made travelling tutor to her nephew, sir John Coventry. With this gentleman he visited various parts of the continent, from March, 1654, to October, 1659. On the Restoration, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards lord Shaftesbury, put another into his place in the ordnance; but on Mr. Sherburne's application to the house of peers, it was restored to him, although its emoluments were soon greatly retrenched.

The peace of the country being now re-established, he appears to have applied himself to a studious life, and replenished his library, which, according to Wood, was esteemed one of the most considerable belonging to any gentleman in or near London. In 1675, he published "The Sphere of Marcus Manilius, made an English poem with Annotations, and an Astronomical Index," which was honoured by the very particular and liberal approbation of the royal society: and in 1679, he published a translation of Seneca's Troades; or the Royal Captives, and he left in manuscript a translation of Hippolitus, which two, with the Medea before mentioned, he endeavoured to prove were all that Seneca wrote.

Collier, whose dictionary is in less reputation than it deserves, and which contains many curious facts not easily to be found elsewhere, ascertains Sherburne's death from an epitaph which he wrote for himself. He died in Nov. 4, 1702, and was interred on the 8th in the chapel belonging to the Tower of London.

In Sherburne's poems considerable genius may be discovered, but impeded by the prevailing taste of his age for strained metaphors and allusions. Poetical lovers then thought no compliments too extravagant, and ransacked the remotest and apparently most barren sources for what were considered as striking thoughts, but which appear to us unnatural, if not ridiculous. He appears to have derived most of his reputation from his translations. He was a man of classical learning and a critic, and frequently conveys the sense of his author with considerable spirit.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

TRANSLATIONS.

SALMACIS.

BY SIGNEUR GIROLAMO PRETI.

OUT OF ITALIAN.

WHERE clear Pactolus glides through Phrygian lands
'Tween banks of emeralds, on golden sands,
And in his course does Lydia's confines trace
With humid feet, and with a slippery pace,
The bed-rid earth, to ease herself (opprest
With her own weight, and crampt with her long rest)
Her vaster limbs first stretches to a plain,
Then to a mountain lifts her head again;
A mountain; such for height, as, if 'midst those
Which to scale Heaven by the bold giants chose
(Pelion, Olympus, Ossa) plac'd it were,
Would like a cedar 'mongst low shrubs appear.

So far above the clouds his head doth rise,
That his green locks no summer dripping spies
With rain, his face no winter does behold
Mask'd with a snowy muffler 'gainst the cold.
The proud usurper seems as if he meant,
Scorning his low and baser element,
To make the airy region his own,
And plant for Juno an imperial throne.
Or like some new Briareus he stands, [hands,
Arm'd with more large-spread oaks than he with
And menaces the stars; his sides and back,
Woods which ne'er shade, fields which ne'er verdure lack,
With a green mantle cloth, whose fringed base
A hundred brooks with streams of silver lace.
At foot of this tall rock, a cave disclos'd
It self; a cave, shady and dark: suppos'd
The sole design of Nature, as th' effect,
Where she both workman play'd, and architect.
Over whose gaping mouth, her hand had hewn
Out of the living rock a lip of stone
Cut like a bending arch; whence for more grace
(As 'twere the native porter of the place)
Green ivy wreath'd in many a subtle knot
Hung dangling: fore the entry of the grot
With streams of liquid pearl, (the humid son
Of some large torrent) a small brook does run,
Which, on the pebbles as it purling plays,
Does so harmonious a murmur raise,
Tun'd to so just a pitch, as dares defy
The birds' sweet notes, and with the lute may vie,
I' th' midst of this vast cave, (which seems to prop
With its arch'd back th' whole mountain) tow'rd the top

Opens a spacious vent; through which, its flight
The damp air takes entrance, the Sun's warm light.
The rude walls ivy, creeping round about,
With a green suit of taps'try hangs throughout.
The goddess, which in heaven's third orb does shine,
Did to these shades her amorous thefts confine.
Here her delights secur'd: whose passions prove
Her more the servant, than the queen of love.
Here Mars to war oft taught she in love's field,
With other weapons than with spear and shield;
Whilst 'bout his sinewy neck her arms she wound,
And his rough limbs in those soft fetters bound.
Here once three naked goddesses ('tis said)
With censuring eyes the Phrygian swain survey'd;
Whose judgement in that memorable strife
Gain'd him the beautcous Helen for his wife,
And gave to lovely Venus uncontroll'd
The prize of beauty, and the fruit of gold.
And here at last the winged son of Jove
And Maia, sported with the queen of love;
Who, in these shades, (if fame have truth reveal'd)
And her soft bosom long time lay conceal'd.
Mean while great Jove, wond'ring at his neglect,
(Who of some message did return expect)
Thus with himself discours'd 'bout his long stay:
"Sure he lies lurking for some hop'd-for prey,
Or his light wings (doubtless h' had else return'd)
He in the sea hath wet, or fire hath burn'd."
True, Jove; he lurking lay, but in the shade
Of Venus' arms; whilst on her lips he prey'd.
His pinions he had sing'd; but with love's torch,
Which not so much his plumes as heart did scorch;
Drench'd too he had, and wet his lighter wing,
Not in the sea's salt waves, but love's sweet spring.

And now seven times the Sun with quick'ning ray
Had lighted in the east the lamp of day;
As oft the humid night had wrapp'd the skies
In her black mantle, wrought with stars like eyes;
And yet no day goes by, no night e'er passes,
But sees these lovers link'd in close embraces.
But from those arms (where long a pris'nor held)
The loit'ring god, now to return compell'd,
Unwillingly their dear embrace declin'd:
Yet left a growing pledge of love behind.
Nine times already had the Moon (constrain'd
By course) her orb into a crescent wan'd;
As oft her horns spread to a round) had run
With light that seem'd to emulate the Sun;
When a sweet boy (so genial stars dispos'd)
Fair Cytheræa's pregnant womb disclos'd.
In their warm laps new born the graces laid him,
And with their softer arms a cradle made him,
Beauty first suckled him at her white breast
And her idea in his looks imprest.
About him did the little antics play,
Laughter, and Mirth, and smil'd his cries away.
No noise, but light breath'd from his lips of roses,
Such as the sky no thunder heard discloses,
Nor like to other children's, seem'd his eyes
Two springs of tears, but like two suns to rise:
Whence all presag'd that they in time should prove
No less the food than the sweet fire of love.
His beauty with his years did still increase;
Whilst his fair mother, longing to impress
The image of herself in his lov'd face,
Did every day add some celestial grace.

Now grown a youth, behold him, with the darts
Of his bright eyes, subduing female hearts;
The living picture of his parents; where
Their mixed beauties seem t' have equal share.
From father both and mother name he took,
From father both and mother his sweet look.
All the feign'd beauties of the world seem'd met
In him, as in their living counterfeit.
Where Nature (like Apelles) the best graces
(To add to his) cull'd from a thousand faces.
Upon his ivory front you might behold
His curled tresses flow like waves of gold,
And as enamoured on his lovely face,
That with their soft and twining arms embrace.
Then like loose wantons 'bout his neck to twist,
Glad that they might by its warm snow be kist.
View his fair front, and thou'lt say that displays
A clear horizon deck'd with morning rays;
And as we see beneath the dawning gleams
O' th' morn, the Sun shoot forth his brighter beams;
So here might you perceive alike to rise
In's front the morn, the Sun in his bright eyes,
His melting lips, speech's vermilion gate,
Soft seat of smiles, blushes so sweet dilate,
As seem at once to ravish the pleas'd sight,
And to a kiss the longing touch invite;
Through which a fragrant Zephyrus transpires,
That fans and kindles both love's flagrant fires.
Nor can one tell (no grace in either missing)
Which best becomes them, speaking, smiling,
kissing,
Look on his tender cheek, and there thou'lt spy
The rose as in a throne of Majesty,

'Mid'st a white guard of lilies, proudly grow;
Or blushing pinks set in a bank of snow.
His habit and his looks did both express
A kind of sweet becoming carelessness;
Whom all so much more beautiful esteem,
By how much he less beautiful would seem,
Whilst thus he manifests in every part,
What art there is in beauty void of art.

One day by chance 'twixt him and Cupid grew
This emulous contest; which of them two
(Since he in beauty so surpast the other)
The god of love should be! he, or his brother?
When Venus, arbitress of the debate,
On a sublime tribunal thron'd in state,
(Fixing upon the lovely youth her eyes) [nies
Thus spake: "My dear, this doom 'twixt you de-
All further strife; a bow Cupid and thou
Shalt bear; he at his side, thou in thy brow.
The same your weapons; love's inflaming brand,
Thou in thy looks shall bear, he in his hand:
Both too shall shoot at and wound human hearts,
Thou with thine eyes (sweet boy) he with his darts."

This lovely youth, with divine graces crown'd,
As yet three lustres scarce had seen go round,
When in his mind a resolution grew
Of bidding Phrygia, and the cave adieu.
Desire of knowledge, and the love of fame,
For travel his aspiring thoughts inflame.
How oft he wish'd his fathers wings! that so
He might each clime the Sun enlightens know:
And view whate'er the earth's vast bosom holds,
Or in its watry arms the sea infolds.

The Lycian realms he view'd; and there survey'd
The hill, within whose dark and dreadful shade

The triple-shap'd Chimæra once did dwell
That animated Ætna, living hell,
Which from three sooty jaws us'd to expire
A sulph'ry deluge, and belch floods of fire.
To Caria next his course he bends: where he
Through that well-peopled land doth wond'ring see
The numerous villages like shrubs to rise,
The cities tower like cedars to the skies;
Whose fertile borders with its winding waves
Tow'rd the cold north the fam'd Meander laves;
Which (like a traveller on some strange coast,
Having his first path, his directress, lost,
With devious steps, now in, now out doth wind,
Flies what he seeks, and meets what he declin'd,
Lost in the errour of ambiguous ways)
Itself imprisons in a wat'ry maze.
At length he to that fatal place arriv'd,
Where envious love his sad revenge contriv'd.
So pleasant and delightful was the place,
That Heaven's great eye in its diurnal race
Yet ne'er beheld another like unto 't,
Of all 'twixt Ganges' head, and Calpe's foot.
There to a round which a fair prospect lends
Its flowry surface, a large plain extends;
A hundred little brooks its bosom trace,
And with their streams of quicksilver enchase;
Which, with sweet vernal dews supply'd, still yield
Life to the flowers, and verdure to the field;
That may, with odorous jewels thus array'd,
A heaven of flowers, or field of stars, be said.
And what more pleasure adds, this pleasant ground
Tall trees, as with a leafy wall, surround,
And 'bout it seem like a green work to run,
As if to sconce it 'gainst the scorching Sun.

And as sometimes the air's soft breath we find
Crisps the smooth sea; so here a gentle wind
(Whose softer wing the flowers does lightly brush)
Curls into trembling waves the field's green plush.
I' th' midst of this fair plain, the tumid earth
(As if impregnate with a fruitful birth)
Swells gently up into an easy hill:
Where crown'd with sweets the spring sits smiling still.
And, as from thence she sheds her balmy showers,
The ground with grass enamels, that with flowers:
Whose pregnant womb a crystal issue teems;
Which, as it glides along with purling streams,
(That settle in a verdant vale) does make,
Of a small rivulet, an ample lake;
In which no weeds their muddy dwelling have,
To stain the native clearness of the wave;
But as the Sun pure crystal by its light
Transpierces, so the penetrating sight
May through the water here the bottom spye,
Chequer'd with pebbles of a various dye:
And see how the mute people of the flood,
With ebon backs, and silver bellies scud.
The flowers which on its fertile borders grow,
As if in love with their own beauties show:
Bending their fragrant tops, and slender stems,
Narcissus-like, to gaze on the clear streams.
Where limn'd in water colours to the life
They see themselves; and raise a pleasing strife
In the deluded sense at the first view
To judge which flowers are counterfeit, which true.
On the left hand of this transparent flood,
Fringing the plain's green verge, there stands a wood,

Where lovers' myrtles, and the poet's bays,
Their spreading tops to native arbours raise:
From whose tall crowns like a black vail the shade
Falling, the lake's clear bosom does invade.
So thick the trees are, they exclude Heaven's sight,
And make a leafy screen 'gainst the Sun's light.
Whose close-weav'd branches a new heaven present,
And to the sight form a green firmament:
In which like fixed stars one might espy
Gold-colour'd apples glitter to the eye;
Which, though no motion circular they run,
Want not yet that of trepidation.
No vulgar birds there make their mean abodes,
But winged heroes, music's demigods,
Whose plumes, like gems, with various colours shine,
Their beaks of orient hue, their notes divine:
Whilst this sweet place seems a retired cell,
Where Love and Flora with the Muses dwell.
Within these dark, yet pleasant coverts bred,
Close by the lake, a nymph inhabited:
A nymph; her breast more snowy, looks more fair,
Her eyes more diamonds, and more gold her hair,
Than ever nymph could boast that hath been seen
To haunt the woods, or press the flow'ry green.
The chase she lov'd not, nor with hound or spear
Would charge the tusked boar, or savage bear.
Nor at a mark or quarry bow would bend:
Nor in a race with other nymphs contend.
To her the Naiades would often say,
"Fair Salmacis, fair Cynthia's laws obey:
Her sports pursue; and in thy hand a spear,
Or at thy side a painted quiver bear."

But she who other pleasures had in chase,
As the proud mistress of so proud a place,
Disdains to set a foot beyond the bounds
Of those lov'd shades, or tread on meaner grounds.
There with its liquid streams the neighbouring lake
A lukewarm bath for her fair limbs did make.
The neighbouring lake, which oft itself discovers,
Swell'd by the tears of her forsaken lovers;
In whose unflattering mirror, every morn,
She counsel takes how best herself t' adorn.
There she sometimes her looser curls unwinds,
Now up again in golden fillets binds,
Which makes (which way soever them she wears)
For amorous hearts a thousand catching snares.
A robe, like that of day, now wears she, white,
Now one of azure, starr'd like that of night.
Now curious sandals on her feet doth slip,
In gems and gold less rich, than wórkmanship.
Now in a careless dress she goes; her hair
Spread 'bout her shoulders, and her ankles bare.
And gathering flowers, not all alike doth pick,
But such alone doth in her bosom stick,
Whose leaves, or milk, or scarlet, does invest,
To suit in colour with her lip and breast.
And if a flower she pull, straight from its root
Another rises up to kiss her foot;
Thus whether more she take or give none knows,
Whilst her hand gathers what her foot bestows.
By chance she then was gathering flowers, when she
The son of Venus spy'd, and Mercury:
On whose bright looks her wanton eyes she bent,
With which her longing thoughts mov'd with consent,

Whilst both her sight and thoughts by seeing bred,
With pleasure on so sweet an object fed.
  But she sucks in love's poison with desire,
Which through her eyes glides like a stream of fire
Into her breast; where, with Ætnean waves
Firing her heart, the scalding torrent raves.
And now she forward goes like a bold lover,
Her flames to him that caus'd them, to discover.
But coming near, she saw in's eyes there play'd
A wantonness with modesty allay'd:
Which though the gazer's heart it set on fire,
Quench'd yet the heat of a too bold desire:
Whence though love spurr'd her on, fear held her back,
And though her heart did fly, her pace did slack.
Yet she observ'd to lighten in his look
I know not what majestic grace, which struck
Her eye not with more terrour than delight,
And less did dazzle than it did invite.
Whence fir'd with hope, yet freezing with despair,
She nearer fearfully approach'd; and there
Sent him by the light waftage of the wind,
A sigh, an "Ah me," nuncios of her mind.
  And now her passion gaining vent, affords
Her tongue the liberty and use of words:
But lame, and broken: yet that serve t' imply,
'Twas this she meant, "Be kind or else I die.
Sweet stranger! if a soul lodge in thy breast
Fair as thy outside, hear a nymph's request:
That begs thou'lt take thy inn up in this shade,
(And gods their dwellings in the woods have made.)
Here on this bank may'st thou repose thy head,
Or on my bosom make thy softer bed:

The air here still is sweet, still cool; if by
My sighs inflam'd it be not, or thy eye:
That eye which quick as lightning flames does
dart;
And sooner than I saw it, scorch'd my heart.
O more than happy wert thou, Salmacis!
If he (but dream not of so great a bliss)
Should prove so kind to lay thee by his side,
Not as his mistress only, but his bride.
But if that joy another do possess,
O let me, as her rival ne'ertheless
(Since here is none that may the theft reveal)
From thy sweet lips a kiss in private steal.
But should some goddess nourish in thy breast
A nobler fire; deny not a request
To one that dies; if more I cannot move,
A kiss for pity grant, if not for love.
Or if too much that seem; pray let me have
What sisters yet may from their brothers crave."
Here ceas'd to speak; and with that forward press'd
To have join'd lip to lip, and breast to breast.
But the shy youth coily repuls'd her still,
As cold in love, as deaf unto her will,
Dying with blushes of a deeper stain,
The native crimson of his cheeks, in grain.
(For a bold suitor, of a cold denier
When he the heart cannot, the face will fire.)
At last with a coy look, thus mov'd, he spake:
"Fair nymph, be gone, or I the place forsake.
You but deceive yourself to think my mind
Will to such wanton follies be inclin'd."
At which (with his desires glad to comply,
Yet loath to lose the pleasure of her eye)

She sadly creeps behind a bushy skreen,
There closely skulks to see, and not be seen.
  And now the planet worshipp'd in the east
Rid on the back of the Nemean beast;
And from the inflam'd meridian, that bends
Like to a bow, his beams like arrows sends,
When this fair traveller, with heat oppreat,
And the day's toils, here laid him down to rest,
Where the soft grass, and the thick trees, display'd
A flow'ry couch, and a cool arbour made.
About him round the grassy spires (in hope
To gain a kiss) their verdant heads perk'd up.
The lily, the field's candidate, there stands
A suitor for the favour of his hands:
And here the blush-dy'd amaranthus seeks,
And finds itself outrivall'd in his cheeks:
Whilst the enamoured trees, to embrace him, bend
Their shady crowns, and leafy arms extend.
  Mean time from his fair front he rains a shower
Of shining pearl drops, whilst his bright eyes pore
On the nymph's heart, (that melts through hot desire
T' enjoy what she beholds) a flood of fire.
This place at length he leaves, rous'd by the call
Of the near waters' sweetly murmuring fall;
Where, on the bank his sandals off he slips,
And in the crystal streams his ankles dips;
Whilst the clear lake, as his pure feet he laves,
Feels love's warm fire mix with its colder waves:
And now, not his fair feet content alone
To kiss, desires (an amorous wanton grown)
(That she might nearer to her wish aspire)
Her bottom deeper, or her waters higher;

Which (to their power) to rise when moved seem,
As if they long'd to bathe each curious limb.
  The youth with pleasure on the floor doth gaze,
And in that watery glass his face surveys,
Admiring, with a look stedfastly set,
His real beauty in his counterfeit.
And sure he with himself in love had fell,
Had he not heard of fond Narcissus tell,
Who from cold streams attracting fatal fire,
Did, to enjoy what he possest, expire.
Then stooping, he with hands together clos'd,
Hollowing their joined palms, a cup compos'd
Of living alabaster; which when fill'd
With the sweet liquor the clear spring distill'd,
He gently lifts it to his head, then sips,
Both bath and beverage to his looks and lips.
  Mean time with ravish'd thoughts the nymph doth view
The sportive lad, and while he drinks, drinks too,
But in a different manner; from the lake
He his, her draught she from his eyes doth take.
His slacks his thirst, her's more inflames desire,
He sucks in water, but she drinks in fire.
And now, invited by the heat, and took
With the alluring temper of the brook,
Himself disrobing, the rich spoil he throws
Away, and his pure limbs all naked shows.
And like a new Sun with a darkening cloud
Invested, casting off the envious shroud,
He round about his beauteous light displays,
And makes the Earth a Heaven with his bright rays.
  The nymph at this freezes at once and burns,
And fire with love and ice with wonder turns.

At length cries out: "Ah me! what see I here?
What deity leaving his heavenly sphere
Is come to sport him in these shades? sure by
His wounding look, and his inflaming eye
It should be Love; but no light wings appear
On his fair shoulders; strange he none should wear!
No; those he leant my heart; which from my breast
Its flight hath took, and now in his doth rest.
"Ah me, thou living Ætna! cloth'd in snow,
Yet breathing flames, how lovely dost thou show!
Cruel, yet cunning archer! that my heart
Thou sure might'st hit, t' allure me with the dart."
But now from the green bank on which he stood,
Fetching his rise, he leaps into the flood;
Whose fall (as him the breaking waters take)
With a white foam all silvers o'er the lake;
Where, as he swims, and his fair arms now bends,
Now their contracted nerves again extends,
He the nymph's heart (that peeps behind an oak)
Wounds from that ivory bow at every stroke.
Into another form he then converts
The motion of his arms, and like to darts,
Now this, now that, through the clear waves does shoot.
His hand in motion answered by his foot;
For as he this contracts, he that extends,
And when this forward, that he backward sends;
Whilst through the streams his purer limbs, like snow
Or lilies through transparent crystal show;
His flowing hair, floating like that rich fleece
Which the first ship from Colchos brought to Greece.

The nymph at this stands as if of sense quite
void,
Or as no sense but seeing she enjoy'd.
At last from her full breast (of its close fire
The sparks) these broken accents did expire.
" Oh why (as Arethusa, or the joy
Of Galatea) cannot I (sweet boy)
Melt to a flood for thee? then (my fair sun!)
Thou might'st (to bathe thee) to my bosom run."
More would sh' have said: but her full passion
stopt
Her door of speech, and her eyes' floodgates op't.
Struck with despair so dead, she scarce appears
To breathe, or live, but by her sighs and tears;
Yet though her silent tongue no words impart,
Her speaking thoughts discours'd thus with her
heart.
" Fond Salmacis! why flag thy hopes? thy mind
What fears deject? on; nor be e'er declin'd;
But boldly thy fair enemy assail.
See! thy desired prey's within the pale:
And love (perhaps in pity of thy pain,)
Offers what was deny'd thee by disdain.
Be resolute; and him, whose conquering eyes
Made thee his captive late, now make thy prize.
Fear not; for pardon justly hope he may
Who plunders him that does deny to pay."
Thus she, rekindling her half-quench'd desires,
Her cheeks with blushes, heart with boldness fires.
Then forward moves a little; and anon,
Full speed, unto the lake does madly run.
But in the midst of her career repents,
And stops; suspended 'twixt two cross intents,

Like to a wavering balance : on, afraid ;
Back, loath to go ; and yet to either sway'd.
Now she advances ; then again retreats :
Her fears now conquers, then her hopes defeats.
Struck with love's powerful thyrsus, at the last
(True Mænad like) her lighter robes off cast,
She hurries to the lake, then in she skips,
And in her wanton arms th' unwilling clips.
  He, who love's fires ne'er felt in his cold breast,
With fear at such a strange surprise possess'd,
For help began to cry ; when she at this,
" Ah, peace !" says, and his mouth stopp'd with a kiss.
Yet struggling, he her wishes did deny,
And from her shunn'd embraces strove to fly.
But whilst he labours to get loose, t' his breast
She faster cleaves ; and his lips harder prest.
So when Jove's bird a snake hath truss'd, his wings
The more that plies, the more that 'bout 'em clings ;
And leaves it doubtful to the gazer's view,
To tell which more is pris'ner of the two.
Fearful to lose yet her new-gotten prize,
The nymph to Heaven (sighing) erects her eyes :
" And shall my love" (says she) " triumph in vain,
Nor other trophy than a bare kiss gain ?
O Jove ! if what fame sings of thee be true,
If e'er thou didst a bull's fierce shape indue,
And on thy back from the Phœnician shore,
Thro' seas thy amorous theft in triumph bore,
Assist my vows ; and grant that I may prove
As happy in this conquest of my love :
No force let our embraces e'er disjoin ;
Breast unto breast unite ; our souls entwine ;

Tie heart to heart; and let the knitting charms
Sweet kisses be; the fetters, our soft arms.
Or if thou hast decreed that we must part,
Let that divorce divide life from my heart."
  Jove heard her prayers; and, suddenly as strange,
Made of them both a mutual interchange;
And by an undiscern'd conjunction,
Two late divided bodies knit in one:
Her body straight a manly vigour felt,
And his did to a female softness melt.
  Yet thus united, they with difference
Retain'd their proper reason, speech, and sense.
He liv'd and she apart, yet each in either;
Both one might well be said, yet that one neither.
  This story by a river's side (as they
Sat and discours'd the tedious hours away)
Amintas to the coy Iole told:
Then adds: "O thou more fair, in love more cold
Than he! Heaven yet may make thee mine in spite,
That can such difference, ice and fire, unite."
This with a sigh the shepherd spake; whilst she
With a coy smile mock'd his simplicity.
But now the setting Sun posting away,
Put both an end to their discourse and day.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF LYRIAN AND SYLVIA.

BY ST. AMANT.

Out of French.

Under that pleasant clime, where Nature plac'd
Those islands, with the name of Happy grac'd,
There liv'd a young and gentle shepherd late,
And, had he never lov'd, too fortunate;
His name was Lyrian: she whose looks enthrall'd
His amorous heart, was the fair Sylvia call'd.
  The natives there, 'mongst whom still lives his name,
(Nor shall the waste of time impair its fame)
Report, he bare, for sweetness of his song,
The prize from all Apollo's learned throng.
Yet nor his voice, nor worth that did exceed,
And ev'n in envy admiration breed,
Could e'er move her, that o'er his heart did reign,
To pleasing joys to turn his amorous pain.
  The cheerful fields, and solitary groves,
(Once loyal secretaries to his loves)
Are still the witnesses, and still shall be,
Of his chaste thoughts, and firm fidelity.
For they alone were conscious of his grief,
They only gave his wounded soul relief,
When, with the weight of his sad woes opprest,
They pitying heard him ease in plaints his breast.
  Ye gods! how oft resolv'd he, yet declin'd,
(Although he felt his heart with flames calcin'd)

Before those eyes h' ador'd so, to display
His griefs! such modesty his soul did sway.
And tho' h' had learn'd, and knew to suffer much,
Yet were his manners and discretion such,
Silence should first in death have quench'd his flame,
E'er he'd have rudely voic'd it unto fame.
Nor had it yet to any (had not stone
And stocks discover'd it) been ever known;
Which (for on them he us'd his plaints t' incise)
By chance presented it to Sylvia's eyes.
  This seen, in her does scorn and anger move:
O Heavens! is't possible that such a love
She should despise, and him, who had profest
Himself her captive, as her foe detest?
Or that love's magic characters his hand
Had grav'd, should in her eye for cyphers stand?
Or she should read them yet with so much spite,
Ne'er more to see them, 'less to raze them quite?
Ah, 'tis too true! nor's that sufficient,
Unless her tongue to her hard heart consent,
And 'gainst her faithful love, with cruel breath,
Pronounce the rigid sentence of his death.
  What said he not his passion to excuse?
What flourishes us'd not his willing Muse,
To prove his love (of which the noble ground
Was her perfections) could no crime be found,
If neither reason's self, nor justice, ought
(Those for which Heaven is lov'd) as crimes be
        thought!
That the world's sovereign planet which the Earth
And mortal's fates does govern from their birth,
By firm decrees inrolled in the skies
Had destin'd him a servant to her eyes.

And could his will be led another way,
Yet being forc'd, he could not disobey:
So that his soul, in this her captive state,
Did only yield to her impulsive fate.
Not that (said he) he murmur'd at his chains,
But pleas'd, sat down and blest his rigorous pains,
Not but his yoke so willingly he bare,
That liberty a greater bondage were.
Not but in spite of his malicious fate,
(In crossing all his joys so obstinate)
He should unforc'd, ev'n to the grave, affect
That beauty, which his love did so neglect.
  Yet those his reasons, so well urg'd, so fair,
With her that will hear none, no reasons are.
They more incense her: yet for fear she might
Be softened, she betook herself to flight.
Such were the winning graces of his tongue,
Proving his love did not her beauty wrong.
  How oft, since that, by all fair means he try'd
(Whilst he the gods with sacrifices ply'd)
To bring the humorous nymph unto his bent,
And make her too obdurate heart relent!
His passions, sighs, and tears, were ready still,
As the officious agents of his will,
To work her to a sense of his hard state;
But, 'las! his hopes grew still more desperate.
Nay, ev'n his voice, of so divine a strain,
So moving! mov'd in her nought but disdain.
  Six years he liv'd perplex'd in this distress,
Without the least appearance of success,
When he by chance (as she a stag pursu'd)
Encounter'd her: whoe'er the queen hath view'd
Of wood-nymphs (Cynthia) a hunting go
After the boar, arm'd with her shafts and bow.

May then imagine the diviner grace,
The looks, the habit, stature, and the pace
Of beauteous Sylvia, as she tripping came
Into the woods, pursuing of her game.
  Soon as poor Lyrian, half dead with love,
Had spy'd her in that solitary grove,
For whom his wounded heart so long had bled,
He with these words pursues her as she fled.
  "Art thou resolv'd then (Sylvia) 'gainst my cries
Thine ears to close, and 'gainst my verse thine eyes?
That verse which fame unto thy life does give;
And must I die, 'cause I have made thee live
Eternally? Seven years expired be
Since I've been tortur'd by thy cruelty:
And dost thou think that little strength supplies
My heart, for everlasting torments will suffice?
Shall I for ever only see thee stray [they?
'Mongst these wild woods, more senseless yet than
  "Alas! how weak I'm grown with grief! I feel
My feeble legs beneath their burden reel!
O stay! I faint, nor longer can pursue,
Stay, and since sense thou lack'st, want motion too.
Stay, if for nothing else, to see me die!
At least vouchsafe, stern nymph, to tell me why
Thou cam'st into this dark and gloomy place?
Where heaven with all its eyes can never trace
Or find thee out. Was't thy intent, the light
Of thy fair stars thus to obscure in night?
Or seek'st thou these cool shades, the ice and snow
That's 'bout thy heart to keep unmelted so?
In vain, coy nymph, thou light and heat doth shun:
Who e'er knew cold or shade attend the Sun?
Ah, cruel nymph! the rage dost thou not fear
Of those wild beasts, that in these woods appear?

No, no, thou art secure; and mayst out-vie
Both them and all the world for cruelty!
"Oh, thou that gloriest in a heart of stone!
Wilt thou not stay? yet seest (as if my moan
They pitied) each rough bramble 'bout thy foot
Does cling, and seems t' arrest thee at my suit?
Ye gods! what wonders do you here disclose?
The bramble hath more sweetness than the rose.
"But whither fly these idle words? In vain,
Poor, miserable wretch, thou dost complain,
After so many ills, (of which I bear
The sadder marks yet in my heart.) Now hear,
Ye gods, at last! and by a welcome death
A period put unto my wretched breath.
Ah, me! I faint! my spirits quite decay!
And yet I cannot move her heart to stay.
Ye hellish deeps! black gulphs, where horror lies,
Open, and place yourselves before her eyes.
Had I Hippomenes' bright fruit, which stay'd
The swifter speed of the Schenæian maid,
They would not profit me; the world's round ball
Could not my cruel fugitive recall.
She is all rock, and I, who am all fire,
Pursue her night and day with vain desire.
O Nature! is it not a prodigy
To find a rock than fire more light to be?
But I mistake: for if a rock she were,
She'd answer me again as these do here."
Thus tir'd with running, and o'ercome with woe,
To see his mistress should out-strip him so,
Poor Lyrian yields himself as sorrow's prize,
His constancy and amorous fervour dies,
Bloody despair ent'ring his captiv'd soul,
Does like a tyrant all his powers control.

Then, in the height of woe, to his relief
He calls the gods; yet, in the midst of grief,
All fair respect does still to Sylvia give,
To show that ev'n in death his love should live.
He who for Daphne like regret did prove, [love,
And the horn'd god (who, breathless, thought his
The fair-hair'd Syrinx in his arms he clasp'd,
And slender reeds for her lov'd body grasp'd)
So far (rememb'ring their like amorous fate)
His unjust sufferings commiserate,
That both strait swore in passion, and disdain,
To punish the proud author of his pain:
Their powerful threats a like effect pursues;
See! that proud beauty a tree's shape endues!
Each of her hairs does sprout into a bough,
And she that was a nymph, an elm is now.
Whilst thus transform'd, her feet (to roots spread)
Fast in the ground, she was at last o'ertook [stuck
By panting Lyrian; happy yet, to see
Her he so priz'd within his power to be:
"Ye gods!" then says he, "who by this sad test
Have 'fore mine eyes Nature's great power exprest,
Grant that to this fair trunk, which love ne'er knew,
My heart may yet a love eternal shew."
This having said, unto the yet warm bole
He clings, (whilst a new form invests his soul)
Winding in thousand twines about it, whence
He's call'd of love the perfect symbol since.
In brief, this faithful lover now is found
An ivy stock; which, creeping from the ground
About the loved stem, still climbing is,
As if he sought her mouth to steal a kiss:
Each leaf's a heart, whose colour does imply
His wish obtain'd, love's perpetuity;

Which still his strict embraces evidence.
For all of him is lost but only sense,
And that you'd swear remains; and say (to see
The elm in his embraces hugg'd) that he,
Willing to keep what he had gain'd at last,
For fear she should escape, holds her so fast.

FORSAKEN LYDIA.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN OF CAVALIER MARINO.

In thunder now the hollow cannon roar'd,
To call the far-fam'd warriors aboard,
Who that great feud (enkindled 'twixt the French
And German) with their blood attempt to quench.
Now in the open sea they proudly ride,
And the soft crystal with rude oars divide;
Perfidious Armillus at once tore
His heart from Lydia, anchor from the shore.

'Twas night, and aged Proteus had driv'n home
His numerous herd, fleec'd with the sea's white
foam;
The winds were laid to rest, the fishes slept,
The wearied world a general silence kept,
No noise, save from the surges, hollow caves,
Or liquid silver of the justling waves, [light,
Whilst the bright lanthorns shot such trembling
As dazzled all the twinkling eyes of night.

The fair inamorata (who from far
Had spy'd the ship which her heart's treasure bare,
Put off from land; and now quite disembas'd,
Her cables coiled, and her anchors weigh'd,

Whilst gentle gales her swelling sails did court,
To turn in scorn her poop upon the port)
With frantic speed from the detested town
To the deserted shore comes hurrying down.

As the Idean shepherd stood amaz'd,
Whilst on the sacred ravisher he gaz'd,
Who snatch'd the beauteous Trojan youth away,
And wafted through the yielding clouds his prey:
Or as that artist whose bold hand durst shape
Wings to his shoulders, (desperately to 'scape
A loathed servitude) through untrac'd skies
Crete's king pursu'd with fierce, yet wond'ring eyes.

The flying navy Lydia so beheld,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with passion swell'd;
In sighs to these she gave continual vent,
And those in brinish streams profusely spent:
But tears and sighs, alas! bestows in vain,
Borne by the sportive wind to the deaf main,
The main, who grief inexorably mocks,
As she herself is scorn'd by steady rocks.

O! what a black eclipse did straight disguise
In clouds the sunshine of her lovely eyes!
She tore her cheeks, hair, garments, and imprest
Marks of his falsehood on her guiltless breast.
She calls on her disloyal lover's name,
And sends such sad loud accents to reclaim
The fugitive, as if at every cry
Her weary soul forth with her voice would fly.

"Whither, ah, cruel!" There full grief represt
Her tongue, and taught her eyes to weep the rest:

"Whither, ah, cruel!" from the hollow side
Of the next rock the vocal nymph replied.
In tears and sighs the water and the air
Contend which in her sorrows most shall share;
And the sad sea-horse with incessant groans
Wakens her faint grief, and supplies her moans.

"Oh! stop, kind Zephyr, but one minute's space,
(She cries) "the swelling sail's impetuous race,
That my expiring groans may reach the ear
Of him who flies from her he will not hear!
Perhaps, though whilst alive I cannot please,
My dying cries his anger may appease;
And my last fall, trophy of his disdain,
May yield delight, and his lost love regain.

"Receive my heart in this extreme farewell,
Thou, in whom cruelty and beauty dwell:
With thee it fled; but what, alas! for me
Is it to lose my heart, who have lost thee?
Thou art my better self! Thou of my heart,
The soul, more than the soul that moves it, art:
And if thou sentence me to suffer death,
(My life) to thee let me resign my breath.

"Alas! I do not ask to live content,
That were a blessing me Fate never meant;
All that my wishes aim at is, that I
(And that's but a poor wish) content may die;
And if my heart, by thee already slain,
Some reliques yet of a loath'd life retain,
Oh! let them by thy pity find release,
And in thy arms breathe for their last in peace.

"No greater happiness than death I crave,
So in thy dearest sight I death may have;

And if thy hand, arm'd with relentless pride,
Shall the small thread of my poor life divide,
What pleasure than that sorrow would be higher?
When I in Paradise at least expire,
And so at once the different arrows prove,
Of death from thy hand, from thy eyes of love.

"Ah! if so pleas'd thou art with war's alarms;
If that be it that calls thee from my arms;
If thou aspir'st, by some advent'rous toils,
To raise proud trophies deck'd with glorious spoils;
Why fondly dost thou seek for these elsewhere?
Why leav'st thou me a pris'ner to despair?
Turn; nor thy willing captive thus forsake,
And thou shalt all my victories partake.

"Thou I to thy dear eyes a captive be,
Thousands of lovers are no less to me.
Unhappy! who contend and sue for sight
Of that, which thou unkindly thus dost slight.
Is 't not a high attempt that can comprise
Within one act so many victories;
To triumph over triumphs, and subdue
At once the victor and the vanquish'd too?

"But if to stay with me thou dost refuse,
And the rude company of soldiers choose,
Yet give me leave to go along with thee,
And in the army thy attendant be.
Love, tho' a child and blind, the wars hath known,
Can handle arms, and buckle armour on;
And thou shalt see, my courage will disdain
(Save of thy death) all fear to entertain.

"I will securely 'midst the arm'd troops run,
Venus hath been Mars' his companion;

And though the heart in thy obdurate breast
Be with an adamantine corslet drest,
Yet I in steel (to guard thee from all harm)
With my own hands will thy fair body arm,
And the reward love did from me detain
In peace, in war shall by this service gain.

"And if it fortune that thou undergo
Some dangerous hurt by the prevailing foe,
I sadly by thy side will sit to keep
Thee company, and as thou groan'st will weep.
My sorrow with thy anguish shall comply,
I will thy blood, and thou my tears shalt dry:
Thus, by an equal sympathy of pure
Affections, we each other's wounds will cure.

"Perhaps, when he this sweet effect of love
Shall see, the happy precedent may move
The stubborn enemy more mild to grow,
And to so soft a yoke his stiff neck bow,
Who by himself gladly betray'd to thine,
Shall willingly his own command resign.
So by a way of conquest strangely new,
Thou shalt at once love, arms, and souls subdue.

"Ah, most unhappy! he, to these sad cries
Inexorable, his deaf ear denies;
And, far more cruel than the rough seas are,
Laughs at my sighs, and slights my juster pray'r.
See, whilst thou spread'st thy sails to catch the [wind,
What a sad object thou hast left behind!
Of war, alas! why dost thou go in quest?
Thou leav'st a fiercer war within my breast.

"Thou fly'st thy country and more happy state,
To seek in some strange land a stranger fate;

And under foreign climes and unknown stars,
T' encounter hazards of destructive wars;
Eager to thrust thyself (lavish of breath)
Upon disasters, dangers, blood, and death,
Changing (Ah! too unwary, too unwise!)
Thy certain joys for an uncertain prize.

"Can it be true, thou more thyself should'st please
With busy troubles, than delightful ease,
And lik'st th' enraged deep's rough toils above
The calmer pleasures and sweet sports of love?
Canst thou from a soft bosom fly, (ah! lost
To gentleness!) to be on rude waves tost?
And rather choose in seas a restless grave,
Than in these arms a quiet port to have?

"With furrowing keel thou plough'st the foaming main,
And (O obdurate! hear'st not me complain:
Too swift thou fly'st for Love's slow wings t' o'ertake,
Love, whom perfidiously thou didst forsake;
And all the way thou swell'st with pride, to know
The suff'rings for thy sake I undergo,
Whilst the mild East, to flatter thy desires,
With his soft breath thy flagging sail inspires.

"Go, faithless youth! faithless and foolish too,
Thy fate, or folly rather, still pursue;
Go, and now thou art from my fetters free,
Never take care who sighs or dies for thee.
Oh! if the Heavens are just, if ever they
With eyes impartial human wrongs survey,
Heaven, Heaven, my tears implore, to Heaven I cry,
Avenge my suff'rings, and his treachery!

"Be seas and skies thy foes! no gentle gale
Blow on thy shrouds! destruction fill thy sail!
No star to thee (lost in despair and night)
When thou invok'st, disclose its friendly light!
To Scythian pirates (such as shall despise
Thy fruitless tears) may'st thou become a prize,
By whose inhuman usage may'st thou be
Spoil'd of the liberty thou took'st from me.

"Then thou the difference shalt understand
Betwixt the shafts shot from a Thracian hand,
And lover's eye; the odds betwixt a rude
Insulting foe, and love's soft servitude:
The breast his golden darts not pierc'd, shall feel
The sharp impression of more cruel steel,
And thou, enslav'd, which are the stronger prove,
The fetters of barbarians, or of love.

"Ye seas and skies, which of my amorous care
The kindly faithful secretaries are,
To you my crying sorrows I address,
To you, the witnesses of my distress,
Shores by the loss of my fair sun forlorn,
Winds, who my sole delight away have borne,
Rocks, the spectators of my hapless fate,
And night, that hear'st me mourn disconsolate.

"Nor without reason is 't (alas!) that I
To stars and sands bewail my misery;
For with my state they some proportion bear,
And numberless as are my woes appear.
Heaven in this choir of beauteous lights doth seem
To represent what I have lost in him:
The sea, to whom his flight I chiefly owe,
His heart in rocks, my tears in waves doth show.

"And since to these eternal fires, whose light
Makes Sleep's dark mansion so serenely bright,
I turn, what one amongst them shall I find
To pity me above the rest inclin'd?
She who in Naxos, when forsook, did meet
A better spouse than him she chose in Crete,
Though all the rest severely are intent
To work me harm, should be more mildly bent.

"O thou, who gild'st the pompous train of night,
With the addition of thy glorious light,
Whose radiant hair a crown adorns, whence streams
The dazzling lustre of seven blazing gems:
If that extremity thou not forget,
If thy own sorrows thou remember yet,
Stop, at my sighs awhile, and make the crew
Of thy bright fellows stay and hearken too.

"Thou know'st the like occasions of our fate,
Both circumvented by unkind deceit;
A cruel I, a love ungrateful thou
Didst follow, both to equal suff'rings bow;
In this to thine a near resemblance bears,
The cause that dooms me to eternal tears;
I now am left, as thou wert heretofore,
Alone upon the solitary shore.

"But howsoever our misfortunes share
The same effects, their causes diff'rent are:
I my poor self no other have deceiv'd;
Thy brother was thro' thee of life bereav'd.
Sleep thy betrayer was, but love was mine,
Thou by thy short eclipse didst brighter shine,
And in the skies a crown of stars obtain,
But I on Earth (forsaken) still remain.

"Fool, to whose care dost thou thy grief impart?
What dost thou talk, or know'st thou where thou
art?
She, 'midst a dancing bevy of fair lights,
Trips it away, and thy misfortune slights:
Yet happy may she go, and her clear beams,
Whilst I lament, drench in the brinish streams;
Perhaps the sea, to my afflicted state,
Will prove than her less incompassionate.

"But how on seas for help should I rely,
Where nothing we but waves and rocks can spy?
Yet so small hopes of succour hath my grief,
That of those rocks and waves I beg relief.
Down from these rocks, of life my troubled breast
By a sad precipice may be releast,
And my impurer soul in these waves may
Quench her loose flames, and wash her stains away.

"Ah, Lydia, Lydia, whither dost thou send
Thy lost complaint? Why words so fruitless spend
To angry waves? to winds, where horrour roars?
To rocks that have no ears? to senseless shores?
Thou giv'st thy grief this liberty in vain,
If liberty from grief thou canst not gain;
And fond presumption will thy hopes abuse,
Unless thou grief and life together lose.

"Die, then! so shall my ghost (as with despair
Laden it flies) raise in the troubled air
Tempests more loud than thunder, storms more
black
Than Hell or horrour, in curl'd waves to wrack
His ship and him: so (and 'tis just) shall I
And my proud foe, at least, together die:

On him, who first these bitter sorrows bred,
Seas shall avenge the seas of tears I shed."

This said, she made a stop; and with rash haste
(By violent despair assisted) cast
Herself down headlong in the raging sea,
Where she believ'd it deepest: now to be
Sadly by her enrich'd; whilst from her fair
Vermilion lips, bright eyes, Phœbeian hair,
Coral a purer tincture doth endue,
Crystal new light, pearls a more orient hue.

Such was the hapless fate of Lydia,
Who in those waves from which the king of day
Each morn ascends the blushing East, in those
From which the queen of love and beauty rose,
A second queen of love and beauty perish'd,
Who in her looks a thousand graces cherish'd;
And by a sad fate (not unpitied yet)
A second sun eternally did set.

Sweet beauty, the sad wrack of ruthless seas,
And ill-plac'd love, whom cruel destinies
Have food for monsters made, and sport for waves,
With whom so many graces had their graves,
If vain be not my hopes, if no dead fire
These lines devoted to thy name inspire,
Though buried in the sea's salt waves thou lie,
Yet in oblivion's waves thou shalt not die.

THE RAPE OF HELEN.

OUT OF THE GREEK OF COLUTHUS.

Ye Trojan nymphs! Xanthus' fair progeny!
Who, on your father's sands oft laying by
Your sacred armlets, and heads' reedy tires,
Ascend to dance on Ide in mixed choirs,
Quit your rough flood; and tell the Phrygian swain's
Just verdict: how the hills he left, the main's
New toils to undergo: his mind what press'd
With fatal ships both sea and land t' infest;
Whence did that unexpected strife arise,
Which made a shepherd judge 'twixt deities:
What was his bold award; how to his ear
Arriv'd the fair Greek's name; for you were there:
And Paris thron'd in Ida's shades did see,
And Venus glorying in her victory.
When tall Thessalian mountains the delights
Witness'd of Peleus's hymenæal rites,
Ganymede nectar, at the sacred feast,
By Jove's command, fill'd out to every guest;
For all descended from celestial race,
That day, with equal forwardness to grace
Fair Thetis (Amphitrite's sister) strove.
From seas came Neptune, from the Heavens came Jove,
And Phœbus from the Heliconian spring,
Did the sweet consort of the Muses bring.
Next whom, the sister to the thunderer,
Majestic Juno, came: nor did the fair
Harmonia's mother, Venus, stay behind;
Suada went too, who for the bride entwin'd

The wedding garland, and Love's quiver bare.
Pallas, from nuptials though averse, was there;
Aside her heavy helmet having laid.
Apollo's sister, the Latonian maid,
(Though wholly to the savage chace apply'd)
Her presence at this meeting not deny'd.
Stern Mars, not such as when his spear he shakes,
But as when he to lovely Venus makes
His amorous address, (his shield and lance
Thrown by) there smiling mix'd in a soft dance.
But thence unhonour'd Iris was debarr'd;
Nor Chiron her, nor Peleus, did regard.
But Bacchus, shaking with his golden hair
His dangling grapes, lets Zephyr's sportive air
Play with his curled tresses: like some young
Heifer, (which, by a furious gad-fly stung,
Quitting the fields, in shady forests strays)
Whilst madded Eris roams, seeking always
How to disturb the quiet of the feast.
  Oft from her rocky cell (with rage possest)
She flings; now stands, then sits: still up and down
Groping on th' earth, yet could not find a stone:
For lightning she'd have struck: or by some spell
The bold Titanean brethren rais'd from Hell,
With hostile flames to storm Jove's starry fort.
Though thus enrag'd, she yet does Vulcan court,
Whom fire and malleable steel obeys:
She thought the sound of clatt'ring shields to raise,
That so the gods, affrighted with the noise,
Might have run forth, and left their festive joys.
  But fearing Mars, she does at last incline
To put in act a far more quaint design:
She calls to mind Hesperia's golden fruit;
Whence a fair apple, of dire wars the root.

Pulling, the cause of signal strifes she found:
Then 'midst the feast, dissension's fatal ground
Casts, and disturbs the goddesses' fair choir.
  Juno, of Jove's bed proud, does first admire
The shining fruit, then challeng'd as her due:
But Venus (all surpassing) claims it too
As love's propriety: which by Jove seen,
He calls, then thus to Hermes does begin:
"Know'st thou not Paris, one of Priam's sons,
Who, where through Phrygian grounds smooth Xanthus runs,
Grazes his horned herds, on Ida's hill?
To him this apple bear: say, 'tis our will,
As arbiter of beauty, he declare
Which of these goddesses excels in rare
Conjunction of arch'd eyebrows, lovely grace,
And well-proportion'd roundness of the face;
And she that seems the fairest in his eyes,
To have the apple, as her beauty's prize."
This charge on Mercury Saturnius lays,
Who humbly his great sire's commands obeys;
And with officious care th' immortals guides:
While each herself in her own beauty prides.
But as they went, love's subtle queen, her head's
Rich tire unloosing, with gold fillets braids
Her curious hair; then thus, with eyes intent
On her wing'd sons, her troubled thoughts does vent:
  "The strife is near! dear sons, your mother aid!
This day must crown my beauty, or degrade.
And much I fear to whom this clown will give
The golden fruit: Juno, all men believe
To be the Graces' reverend nurse: to her
The gift of sceptres they assign: in war

A powerful goddess is Minerva deem'd:
But we alone are of no pow'r esteem'd.
Nor empires we, nor martial arms bestow:
Yet why without a cause thus fear we? Though
Minerva's spear we have not, we yet better
Are with our cæstus arm'd, sweet love's soft fetter,
Our cæstus: that our bow is, that our sting,
Which smart to women, but not death does bring."
Thus rosy-finger'd Venus, on the way,
To her attendant Cupids spake, whilst they,
With duteous words, their drooping mother cheer.
And now they reach'd the top of Ida; where
The youthful Paris, near Anaurus' head,
His father's sheep in flocks divided fed:
Here of his roving bulls he count doth keep,
And there he reckons o'er his well-fed sheep.
Low as his knee a mountain goat's rough hide
Hung from his shoulders, flagging by his side:
In's hand a neatherd's goad: such to the eye
(As slowly to his pipe's soft melody
He moves) appear'd the gentle Phrygian swain,
Tuning on's reed a sweet, though rural strain.
I' th' solitary stalls oft would he sit,
Himself with songs delighting; and forget
The care both of his herds and flocks; the praise
Of Pan and Hermes subject of his lays,
(With shepherds most in use) whose sweeter note
No dog's rude howl, no bull's loud-bellowing throat,
Disturbs; but Echo only, that affords
An artless sound in unarticulate words.
His oxen, cloy'd with the rank grass, were laid,
Stretching their fat sides in the cooler shade;
Under th' umbrella of a spreading tree,
Whilst he himself sat singing: but when he

Spy'd Hermes with the goddesses, afraid,
Upstarting, from their sight he would have made:
And (his sweet pipe among the bushes flung)
Abruptly clos'd his scarce commenced song.
To whom, amaz'd, thus Heaven's wing'd nuncius spake:
"Cast away fear; a while thy flocks forsake,
Thou must in judgment sit, and freely tell
Which of the pow'rs in beauty does excel,
And to the fairest this fair fruit present."
Thus he: when Paris, with eyes mildly bent
In amorous glances, of their beauties took
Exact survey: which had the gracefull'st look,
The brightest eyes, whose neck the whitest skin,
Not leaving aught from head to heel unseen.
To whom Minerva first herself addrest,
Then, taking by the hand, these words express'd:
"Come hither, Paris! leave Jove's wife behind:
Nor Venus, president of Nuptials, mind.
Pallas, of valour the directress, praise:
Entrusted with large rule and power, Fame says,
Thou govern'st Troy: me chief for form confess,
I'll make thee too its guardian in distress.
Comply, and 'gainst Bellona's dreadful harms
Secur'd, I'll teach thee the bold deeds of arms."
Thus Pallas courted him: she scarce had done,
When, with fair words and looks, Juno begun:
"If me the prize of beauty thou'lt assign,
The empire of all Asia shall be thine;
Slight wars; what good from thence to princes springs?
Both valiant men and cowards stoop to kings.
Nor do Minerva's followers oft rise high,
But servants rather to Bellona die."

This glorious proffer stately Juno made.
  But Venus (her large veil unloos'd) display'd
Her whiter bosom, nor at all was shy,
But did the honied chain of loves untie:
And (whilst to view she her fair breasts disclos'd)
Thus spake, her looks into sweet smiles dispos'd:
  "Our beauty, wars forgot, our beauty prize,
And empires and the Asian lands despise.
We know not wars, nor use of shields can tell;
In beauty women rather should excel;
For valour, I'll to thee a wife commend;
'Stead of a throne, fair Helen's bed ascend;
A spouse thee Troy and Sparta shall behold."
Scarce had she ended, when the fruit of gold
To Venus, as her beauty's noble prize,
The swain presented; whence dire wars did rise;
Who in her hand as she the apple weigh'd,
Did Juno and Minerva thus upbraid:
  "Yield me the victory, yield me, fair friends!
Beauty I lov'd, and beauty me attends:
Juno, they say thou gav'st the graces life,
Yet they have all forsook thee in this strife;
Though thou to Mars and Vulcan mother art,
Nor Mars nor Vulcan did their aid impart;
Though this in flames, that glory in his spear,
Yet neither one nor other help'd thee here.
How thou bragg'dst too, who from no mother's
    womb,
But Jove's cleft skull, the birth of steel, didst come!
In armour how thy limbs are drest! how love
Thou shunn'st, and dost the toils of Mars approve!
Alike to peace and wedlock opposite.
Minerva! know, that such for glorious fight

Are much unfit, whom by their limbs, none well,
Whether they men or women be, can tell."
  Sad Pallas thus, proud of her victory,
She flouts, and her and Juno both puts by,
Whilst she the fatal prize of beauty won.
  Inflam'd with love, hot in pursuit of one
To him unknown; with inauspicious fate,
Men skill'd in architecture, Paris straight
To a dark wood conducts; where, in a trice,
Tall oaks are fell'd by Phereclus' advice,
Of ills the author, who before, to please
His fond king, ships had built; whilst for the seas
Paris does Ida change, and on the shore,
With frequent pray'rs and sacrifice implore
His kind assistant, queen of marriage-vows;
Then the broad back of Hellespontus ploughs
But sad presaging omens did appear:
Seas rising to the skies, did either Bear
Surround with a dark ring of clouds; whilst through
The troubled air a show'ring tempest flew.
With strokes of active oars the ocean swell'd:
And now, the Trojan shores forsook, he held
His course for Greece, and, borne with winged haste,
Ismarus' mouth and tall Pangæus past.
Then love-slain Phyllis' rising monument,
And of the walk which oft she came and went,
The ninefold round he saw; there she to mourn
Did use, while her Demophoon's safe return
She from Athenian lands expected: then
Coasting by Thessaly's broad shores, in ken
The fair Achaian cities next appear'd.
Men-breeding Phthia and Mycene, rear'd

High, and wide built; when the rich meadows past,
Water'd by Erymanthus, he at last
Spies Sparta, lov'd Atrides' city, plac'd
Near clear Eurotas, with rare beauties grac'd:
Not far from whence, under a shady wood,
H' admiring saw how sweet Therapnæ stood.
For now but a short cut he had to sail,
Nor long was heard the dash of oars: they hale
The ship to shore, and with strong haulsers ty'd;
When Paris, with clear water purifi'd,
Upon his tiptoes lightly treads, for fear
His lovely feet he with the dust should smear,
Or going hastily, his hair, which flows
Beneath his hat, the winds should discompose.
By this, the stately buildings, drawing nigher,
He views, the neighbouring temples that aspire,
And city's splendour: where, with wond'ring eyes,
The statue of their Pallas he espies,
All of pure gold; from which, his roving sight
Next Hyacinthus' image does invite,
The boy with whom Apollo us'd to play:
Whom, lest Latona should have rapt away,
(Displeas'd with Jove) the Amyclæans fear'd.
Phœbus, from envious Zephyr, who appear'd
His rival, could not yet secure the boy:
But Earth, t' appease the sad king's tears, his joy,
A flow'r produc'd; a flow'r, that doth proclaim
Of the once lovely youth the still-lov'd name.
Now near Atrides' court before the gates,
Bright in celestial graces Paris waits.
Not Semele a youth so lovely bare:
(Your pardon, Bacchus! tho' Jove's son you are)
Such beauty did his looks irradiate.

But Helen the court doors unbolting straight,
When 'fore the hall the Trojan she had seen,
And throughly mark'd, kindly invites him in,
And seats him in a silver chair: her eyes,
Whilst on his looks she feeds, not satisfies.
First she suppos'd he Venus' son might be,
Yet, when his quiver'd shafts she did not see,
She knew he was not Love; but by the shine
Of his bright looks thought him the god of wine.
At length her wonder in these words did break:
"Whence art, my guest? thy stock, thy country, [speak;
For majesty is printed in thy face:
And yet thou seem'st not of the Argive race.
Of sandy Pylos sure thou canst not be:
I know Antilochus, but know not thee.
Nor art of Phthia, which stout men doth breed:
I know all Æacus' renowned seed;
The glorious Peleus, and his warlike son,
Courteous Patroclus, and stout Telamon."
Thus Helen, curious to be satisfi'd,
Questions her guest; who fairly thus reply'd:
"If thou of Troy, in Phrygia's utmost bound,
By Neptune and Apollo walled round,
And of a king from Saturn sprung, who there
Now fortunately rules, didst ever hear,
His son am I; and all within his sway,
To me, as chief next him, subjection pay.
From Dardanus am I descended, he
From Jove; where gods, immortal though they be,
Do oft serve mortals: who begirt our town
Round with a wall, a wall that ne'er shall down.
I am, great queen! the judge of goddesses,
Whom, tho' displeas'd, I censur'd, and of these
The lovely Venus' beauty did prefer:

For which, in noble recompense, by her
Promis'd a wife, her sister, Helen nam'd,
For whom these troubles I thro' seas sustain'd.
Since Venus bids, here let us solemnize
Our nuptial rites; me nor my bed despise:
On what is known, insist we need not long,
Thy spouse from an unwarlike race is sprung:
Thou all the Grecian dames dost far outvie,
Beauteous thy looks are; theirs, their sex belie."
At this she fix'd on earth her lovely eyes,
And doubtful, paus'd awhile, at length replies:
"Your walls, my guest! by hands celestial rais'd,
And pastures, where his herds Apollo graz'd,
I long to see: to Troy bear me away.
I'll follow thee, and Venus will obey;
Nor, there, will Menelaus' anger heed."
Thus Paris and the beauteous nymph agreed.
Now night, the ease of cares, the day quite spent,
Sleep brought, suspended by the morn's ascent,
Of dreams the two gates opening: this of horn,
In which the gods' unerring truths are born:
T'other of ivory, whence cozening lies,
And vain delusions of false dreams arise.
When from Atrides' hospitable court
Paris thro' plough'd seas Helen does transport,
And in the gift of Venus proudly joy,
Bearing with speed the freight of war to Troy.
Hermione, soon as the morn appears,
To winds her torn veil casting, big with tears,
Her loss bewails; and from her chamber flying,
With grief distraught, thus to her maids spake, crying:

"Whither without me is my mother fled?
Who lay with me last night in the same bed?
And with her own hand lock'd the chamber door!"
Thus spake she, weeping: all the maids deplore
With her their mistress' absence; yet assay
With these kind words her passion to allay:
"Why dost thou weep, swcet child? thy mother's gone,
But will return soon as she hears thy moan.
See, how thy tears havc blubber'd thy fair cheeks!
Much weeping the divinest beauty breaks.
She 'mongst the virgins is but gonc to play,
And, coming back, perhaps hath miss'd her way:
And in some flow'ry meadow doubtful stands;
Or, in Eurotas bath'd, sports on his sands."
The weeping child replies: "The hill, brook, walk,
And fields, she knows; do not so idly talk!
The stars do sleep, yet on cold rocks she lies;
The stars awake, and yet she does not rise.
O my dear mother! where dost thou abide?
Upon what mountain's barren top reside?
Hath some wild beast, alas! thee wand'ring slain?
(Yet from Jove's royal blood wild bcasts refrain)
Or, fall'n from some steep precipice, art laid,
An unregarded corse, in some dark shade?
And yet in ev'ry grove, at ev'ry tree,
Search have I made, but cannot meet with thee.
The woods we blame not then; nor do profound
Eurotas' gentle streams conceal thec drown'd:
For in deep floods the Naïades do use,
Nor e'er by them their lives do womcn lose."
Thus poor Hermione complaining wept,
Then tow'rd her shoulder her leaning, slept.

(Sleep is Death's twin, and as the younger brother,
In every thing doth imitate the other;
Hence 'tis that women often, when they weep,
C'ercharg'd with their own sorrows, fall asleep.)
When, in a dream, her mother (as she thought)
Seeing, she cries, vext, yet with fear distraught:
" From me disconsolate last night you fled,
And left me sleeping in my father's bed.
What hill, what mountain, have I left untrac'd?
To Venus' pleasing ties mak'st thou such haste?"
To whom fair Tyndaris this answer made:
" Daughter! tho' griev'd, me yet forbear t' upbraid:
That treacherous stranger, who the other day
Came hither, carried me by force away."
Thus she: at which out straight Hermione flies;
But finding not her mother, louder cries:
" Wing'd issue of th' inhabitants of air,
Ye birds! to Menelaus straight declare,
One, late arriving at the Spartan port,
Hath robb'd him of the glory of his court."
Thus to regardless winds did she complain,
Seeking her absent mother, but in vain.
Meantime, thro' Thracian towns and Helle's strait,
Paris arriv'd safe with his beauteous freight,
When from the castle, viewing on the shore
A new guest land, her hair Cassandra tore.
But Troy with open gates her welcome shows
To the returning author of her woes.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF

ROBERT HERRICK.

BORN 1591.

HERRICK'S vein of poetry is very irregular, but where the ore is pure, it is of high value. His song beginning, "Gather the rose-buds while ye may," is sweetly Anacreontic. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, has given the fullest account of his history hitherto published, and reprinted many of his poems, which illustrate his family connexions. He was the son of an eminent goldsmith in Cheapside, was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. Being patronized by the earl of Exeter, he was, in 1629, presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during the civil war, and then having assumed the habit of a layman, resided in Westminster. After the Restoration he was replaced in his vicarage. To his Hesperides, or works human and divine, he added some pieces on religious subjects, where his volatile genius was not in her element.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
  Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
  To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
  The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may for ever tarry.

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been,
  Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
  With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
  The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a Spring
  With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
  Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And, with dishevell'd hair,
  Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
  Your poor estates alone.

TO MEADOWS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee!
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove:
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No: thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, tho' well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.

There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And chear'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamel'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast;
Thy may-poles too, with garlands grac'd;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;

Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings:
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
  O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

SELECT POEMS

OF

GEORGE WITHER.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF

GEORGE WITHER.

BORN 1588.—DIED 1669.

GEORGE WITHER, the descendant of a family who had for several generations possessed the property of Manydowne, in Hampshire, was born in that county, at Bentworth, near Alton. About the age of sixteen he was sent to Oxford, where he had just begun to fall in love with the mysteries of logic, when he was called home by his father, much to his mortification, to hold the plough. He was even afraid of being put to some mechanical trade, when he contrived to get to London, and with great simplicity had proposed to try his fortune at court. To his astonishment, however, he found that it was necessary to flatter in order to be a courtier. To shew his independence he therefore wrote his "Abuses whipt and stript," and instead of rising at court, was committed for some months to the Marshalsea.* But if his puritanism excited enemies, his talents and frankness gained him friends. He appears to have been intimate with the poet Brown, and to have been noticed by Selden. To the latter he inscribed his translation of the poem on the Nature of Man, from the Greek of Bishop Nemesius, an ancient father of the church. While in prison

* He was imprisoned for his "Abuses whipt and stript," yet this could not have been his first offence, as an allusion is made to a former accusation.

he wrote his Shepherd's Hunting, which contains perhaps the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen, and besides those prison eclogues, composed his Satire to the King, a justification of his former satires, which, if it gained him his liberation, certainly effected it without retracting his principles.

It is not probable that the works of Wither will ever be published collectively, curious as they are, and occasionally marked by originality of thought: but a detailed list of them is given in the British Bibliographer. From youth to age George continued to pour forth his lucubrations, in prophesy, remonstrance, complaint and triumph, through good and evil report, through all vicissitudes of fortune, at one time in command among the saints, and at another scrawling his thoughts in gaol, when pen and ink were denied him, with red ochre upon a trencher.

Soon after his liberation from prison he published the Hymns and songs of the Church, one edition of which is dedicated to King James, in which he declares that the hymns were printed under his majesty's gracious protection. One of the highest dignitaries of the church also sanctioned his performance; but as it was Wither's fate to be for ever embroiled, he had soon after occasion to complain that the booksellers, "those cruel bee-masters," as he calls them, "who burn the poor Athenian bees for their honey," endeavoured to subvert his copy-right, while some of the more zealous clergymen complained that he had interfered with their calling, and slanderous persons termed his hymns needless songs and popish rhymes. From any suspicion of popery his future labours were more than sufficient to clear him. James, it appears, encouraged him to finish a translation of the Psalms, and was kindly disposed towards him. Soon after the decease of his sovereign, on re-

membering that he had vowed a pilgrimage to the queen of Bohemia, he travelled to her court to accomplish his vow, and presented her highness with a copy of his Psalms.

In 1639 he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, and quarter master general of his regiment, under the earl of Arundel. But as soon as the civil wars broke out he sold his estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament, and soon afterwards rose to the rank of major. In the month October of the same year, 1642, he was appointed by parliament captain and commander of Farnham Castle, in Surrey; but his government was of short duration, for the castle was ceded on the first of December to Sir William Waller. Wither says, in his own justification, that he was advised by his superiors to quit the place, while his enemies alleged that he deserted it. The defence of his conduct, which he published, seems to have been more resolute than his defence of the fortress. In the course of the civil war, he was made prisoner by the royalists, and when some of them were desirous of making an example of him, Denham, the poet, is said to have pleaded with his majesty that he would not hang him, for as long as Wither lived he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wood informs us that he was afterwards constituted by Cromwell major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey.

At the Restoration, the estates, which he had either acquired or purchased during the interregnum, were taken from him. But the event which crushed his fortunes could not silence his pen, and he was committed first to Newgate and afterwards to the Tower, for remonstrances, which were deemed a libel on the new government. From the multitude of his writings, during a three years' imprisonment, it may be clearly gathered, that he was

treated not only with rigour, but injustice; for the confiscation of his property was made by forcible entry, and besides being illegal in form, was directly contrary to the declaration that had been issued by Charles the Second before his accession. That he died in prison may be inferred from the accounts, though not clear from the dates of his biographers; but his last days must have been spent in wretchedness and obscurity. He was buried between the east door and the south end of the Savoy church, in the Strand.

GEORGE WITHER.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With detraction's breath and thee.
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.

If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power!
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas, my Muse is slow;
For thy pace she flags too low.
Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly, where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields;

Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will:
Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow

Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair.
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
  Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heav'n to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?

Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo:
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd wounds can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms).
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:

Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon enamour'd swain:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beauty;
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy clothes
And feign'd oaths may love obtain:
I love her so,
Whose look swears No,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue,
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?

No, no, though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain;
And those I'll prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo;
Give me her whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is
Affords that bliss
For which I would refuse no pain:
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu;
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you Sirens, leave me;
Seek no more to work my harms:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

SELECT POEMS

BY

WILLIAM BROWNE,

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM CAMPBELL.

LIFE OF WILLIAM BROWNE.

BORN 1590.—DIED 1645.

WILLIAM BROWNE was the son of a gentleman of Tavistock, in Devonshire. He was educated at Oxford, and went from thence to the Inner Temple, but devoted himself chiefly to poetry. In his twenty-third year he published the first part of his Britannia's Pastorals, prefaced by poetical eulogies, which evince his having been, at that early period of life, the friend and favourite of Selden and Drayton. To these testimonies he afterwards added that of Ben Jonson. In the following year he published the Shepherd's Pipe, of which the fourth eclogue is often said to have been the precursor of Milton's Lycidas. A single simile about a rose constitutes all the resemblance. In 1616, he published the second part of his Britannia's Pastorals. His Masque of the Inner Temple was never printed till Dr. Farmer transcribed it from a MS. of the Bodleian library, for Thomas Davis's edition of Browne's works, more than 120 years after the author's death.

He seems to have taken his leave of the Muses about the prime of his life, and returned to Ox-

ford, in the capacity of tutor to Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon, who fell in the battle of Newbury, 1643. After leaving the university with that nobleman, he found a liberal patron in William, Earl of Pembroke, whose character, like that of Caernarvon, still lives among the warmly coloured and minutely touched portraits of Lord Clarendon. The poet lived in Lord Pembroke's family; and, according to Wood, grew rich in his employment. But the particulars of his history are very imperfectly known, and his verses deal too little with the business of life to throw much light upon his circumstances.

His works exhibit abundant specimens of true inspiration, and had his judgment been equal to his powers of invention, or had he yielded less to the bad taste of his age, or occasionally met with a critic instead of a flatterer, he would have been entitled to a much higher rank in the class of genuine poets. His Pastorals form a vast storehouse of rural imagery and description, and in personifying the passions and affections, he exhibits pictures that are not only faithful but striking, just to nature and to feeling, and frequently heightened by original touches of the pathetic and sublime, and by many of those wild graces which true genius only can exhibit.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK I.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her endangering:
Of Famine's cave, and then th' abuse
Tow'rds buryed Colyn and his Muse.

As when a mariner (accounted lost)
Upon the wat'ry desert long time tost,
In summer's parching heate, in winter's cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold,
Is by a fav'ring winde drawne up the mast,
Whence he descryes his native soyle at last;
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tels his joys in thunder,
(Shaking those barnacles into the sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)
When sodainly the still inconstant winde
Masters before, that did attend behinde;

And grows so violent, that he is faine
Command the pilot stand to sea againe;
Least want of sea-roome in a channel streight,
Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight:
  Thus, gentle Muse, it happens in my song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so yong,
I undertook: by silver-seeming floods,
Past gloomy bottomes, and high-waving woods,
Climb'd mountaines, where the wanton kidling dallyes,
Then with soft steps enseal'd the meekned valleys,
In quest of memory: and had possest
A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest;
No sooner than a hundred theames come on,
And hale my bark a-new for Helicon.
  Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers there be
Whose milde aspect engyrland poesie)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!
Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming layes
Each mosse-thrumb'd mountaine bends, each current playes!
Pïerian singers! O ye blessed Muses!
Who as a jem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!
Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with envy of such kisses.
Make all the rarest beauties of our clyme,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each line's inticing graces
As on their lovers' lips and chaste imbraces!

Thro' rouling trenches of self-drowning waves,
Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,
By billows, whose white fome show'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd wyndes,
Into the ever-drinking thirsty sea
By rocks that under water hidden lay,
To shipwracke passengers, (so in some den
Theeves bent to robb'ry watch way-faring men.)
Fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sence of danger lay asleepe:
Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe,
With wide spred armes, stood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
Into her chequer: (whence as worthy kings
She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe, (shut up in their caves)
As still as midnight were the sullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever shaking brest
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinckles on his face were seene
Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,
Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe,
To give an aged seed a living tombe,
Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stir'd,
Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his roote him bravely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill ayre,
So smooth the sea was, and the sky so fayre.

Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd oares,
The swaine attempts to get the shell-strewed stores,
And with continual lading making away,
Thrusts the small boate into as fayre a bay
As ever merchant wisht might be the rode
Wherein to ease his sea-torne vessel's lode.
It was an iland, (hugg'd in Neptune's armes,
As tending it against all forraigne harmes)
And Mona hight: so amiably fayre,
So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,
So quicke in her encrease, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight
As 't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant steeres full many a thousand head.)
So deckt with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
So full of well-fleec'd flockes and fatned droves;
That the brave issue of the Trojan line,
(Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darknesse shine)
Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as hye,
In raptures of immortal poesie,
As any nation's, since the Grecian lads
Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.
Those brave heroicke spirits, 'twixt one another
Proverbially call Mona Cambria's mother *.
Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast

* Mom Mam Kumbry.

Resound his worth, since on her wave-worn strand
He and his Trojans first set foot on land,
Stroke saile, and anchor cast on Totnes' shore *,
Though now no ship can ride there any more.
In th' island's rode the swaine now moares his boate
Unto a willow, (least it outwards floate)
And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more faire than she † that fill'd the cup
Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More harts than all the troopes of deities.)
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot should land.
Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they strove to kisse her slender feet.
Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath tane
The sacred reliques from a holy phane,
Feeling the hand of Heaven (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment freed with the theft:
So fled the swaine, from one, had Neptune spide
At half an ebbe, he would have forc'd the tyde
To swell anew; whereon his carre should sweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th' unsounded deepe,
And he from thence would with all state on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
Divine Electra, (of the sisters seven
That beautifie the glorious orbe of Heaven)

* Petunt classem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare sulcantes, in Totenesio littore feliciter applicarunt. Galf. Monum.
† Hebe.

When Ilium's stately towres serv'd as one light
To guide the ravisher in ugly night
Unto her virgin-bed, with-drew her face,
And never would looke down on human race
Till this maid's birth; since when some power hath
won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
Grim Saturne's sonne, the dread Olimpieke Jove,
That dark't three days to frolieke with his love,
Had he in Alcmen's stead elipt this fair wight,
The world had slept in everlasting night.
For whose sake onely (had she lived then)
Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men:
Nor Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
For fear to rob the world of sueh a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, dayes, months, yeeres, and never make an
end.
What wreteh inhumane, or what wilder blood,
(Suckt in a desert from a tiger's brood)
Could leave her so diseonsolate? but one
Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;
For had his veynes been heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a maide so faire.
Sing on, sweet Muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Upon a jewell of unvalued prize,
As bright as starre, a dame as faire, as chaste,
As eye behold, or shall, till Nature's last.
Charme her quiek senees! and with raptures swect
Make her affeetion with your eadence meet!
And if her graceful tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my pipe would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in laurell-worthy rymes
Her love shall live until the end of times,

And spite of age, the last of days shall see
Her name embalm'd in sacred poesie.
  Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,
Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks
Of branching sampire, sate the maid o'ertaken
With sighes and teares, unfortunate, forsaken;
And with a voyce that floods from rockes would borrow,
She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow.
  "If Heaven be deafe, and will not heare my cryes,
But adds new dayes to add new miseries;
Heare, then, ye troubled waves and flitting gales,
That coole the bosomes of the fruitful vales!
Lend, one, a flood of teares, the other winde,
To weepe and sigh that Heaven is so unkinde!
But if ye will not spare, of all your store,
One teare, or sigh, unto a wretch so poore;
Yet, as ye travell on this spatious round,
Thro' forrests, mountaines, or the lawny ground,
If 't happ' you see a maide weepe forth her woe,
As I have done; oh! bid her, as ye goe,
Not lavish teares! for when her own are gone,
The world is flinty, and will lend her none.
If this be eke denyde, O hearken then,
Each hollow vaulted rocke, and crooked den!
And if within your sides one eccho be,
Let her begin to rue my destinie!
And in her clefts your plainings doe not smother,
But let that eccho teach it to another!
Til round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
The last of them tell it the first againe:
Of my sad fate so shall they never lin,
But where one ends another still begin.

Wretch that I am! my words I vainely waste,
Eccho, of all woes, onely speakes the last;
And that's enough: for should she utter all,
As at Medusa's head,* each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
No carefull nurse would wet her watchful eye,
When any pang should gripe her infantry;
Nor though to Nature it obedience gave,
And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave
Would she lament her suckling from her torne:
Scaping by death those torments I have borne."
This sigh'd, she wept, (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
Which seene by (them, that sport it in the seas
On dolphins' backes) the fair Nereides,
They came on shore, and slily as they fell
Convai'd each teare into an oyster-shell;
And by some power that did affect the girles,
Transform'd those liquid drops to orient pearles,
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize
In winged pines the Roman colonies
Flung thro' the deep abysse to our white rockes,
For jems to decke their ladyes' golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kindes
As those the sun-burnt Æthiopian findes.
Long on the shore distrest Marina lay:
For he that opes the pleasant sweets of May,
Beyond the noonstead so farre drove his teame,
That harvest folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates ynow,
That are the yeoman's from the yoake or cowe)

* Which turned the beholders into stone.

On sheafes of corne were at their noonshun's close,
Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:
Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,
Where all the graces then inhabited.
When casting round her over-drowned eyes,
(So have I seene a jemme of mickle price
Roule in a scallop shell with water fill'd)
She, on a marble rocke at hand, behild,
In characters deepe cut with iron stroke,
A shepheard's moane which read by her, thus spoke:

"Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seene to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountaine dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

"But (of great Thetis' trayne)
Ye mermaides faire,
That on the shores do plaine
Your sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks,
Weepe ye; and so inforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bad his friend and joy farewell.

"Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his grave,

Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weepes, and bids all joy farewell.

"Had he, Arion like
Beene judg'd to drowne,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon',
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And joyntly strive to bring him home.
But he on ship-board dyde, by sicknesse fell,
Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

"Great Neptune, heare a swaine!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pittie) make
It fast unto a rock neere land!
Where ev'ry calmy morne I'le stand,
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell."

"Ah, heavy shepheard! who so ere thou be,"
Quoth faire Marina, "I do pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend crost,
Till he be earth he halfe himselfe hath lost.
More happy deeme I thee lamented swaine,
Whose body lies among the sealy traine,
Since I shall never thinke that thou canst dye,
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry.
For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the sacred hill)

To thee with him no equall life can give,
Yet by his pen thou maist for ever live."
With this, a beam of sudden brightnes flyes
Upon her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes,
That neyther flower nor grasse, which by her grew,
She could discerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.
For as a wag (to sport with such as passe)
Taking the sun-beames in a looking-glasse,
Convays the rays into the eyes of one
Who (blinded) eyther stumbles at a stone,
Or, as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,
Is ready justling every man he meets:
So then Apollo did in glory cast
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchast,
And thence the swift reflection of their light
Blinded those eyes, the chiefest starres of night,
When streight a thicke-swolne cloude (as if it sought
In beautie's minde to have a thankfull thought)
Invayl'd the lustre of great Titan's carre,
And she beheld, from whence she sate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd rocke, (inlaid with gold)
This epitaph, and read it, thus enroll'd:

"In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seene, but it appeares
To countervaile his losse, men wanted teares.
So here he lyes, whose dirge each mermaid sings,
For whom the clouds weepe raine, the Earth her springs."

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
Had scarcely made; when, o'er the hill behinde,
She heard a woman cry: Ah, well a-day!
What shall I do? Goe home, or flye, or stay?"

Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace
As gracefull as the goddesses did trace
O'er stately Ida, (when fond Paris' doome*
Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entoombe)
She went to aide the woman in distresse,
(True beauty never was found mercilesse)
Yet durst she not goe nye, least (being spide)
Some villaine's outrage, that might then betyde
(For aught she knew) unto the crying maide,
Might graspe with her; by thickets, which array'd
The high sea-bounding hill, so neare she went,
She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.
Lowd? yes: sung right: for since the azure skye
Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry
With greater clangor never piere'd the ayre.
  A wight she was so farre from being faire,
None could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her,
  Describing foulnes, pardon if I erre,
Ye shepheard's daughters, and ye gentle swaines!
My Muse would gladly chaunt more lovely straines:
Yet since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
  As when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
The inland creeks fils with a high spring-tyde,
Great sholes of fish, among the oysters hye,
Which, by a quick ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
The fishes yawne, the oysters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: as she stood and cride,
She tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke
And full of dust as any collyer's sacke.
Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
Squint and mishappen, one dun, t'other white.

* The Judgment of Paris.

As in a picture limn'd unto the life,
Or carved by a curious workman's knife,
If twenty men at once should come to see
The great effects of untirde industry,
Each severally would thinke the picture's eye
Was fix'd on him, and on no stander by;
So as she (bawling) was upon the bancke,
If twice five hundred men stood on a rancke,
Her ill-face tow'rds them, every one would say
She lookes on me: when she another way
Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her nose (ô crooked nose) her mouth o'er hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her fore-head such, as one might neere avow
Some plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
Her face so scorcht was and so vyle it showes,
As on a pear-tree she had scar'd the crowes.
Within a tanner's fat I oft have cyde [hyde
(That three moones there had laine) a large oxe
In liquor mix'd with strongest barke, (for gaine)
Yet had not tane one half so deep a staine
As had her skin: and that as hard well-nye
As any brawne's, long hardened in the stye.
Her shoulders such as I have often seene
A silly cottage on a village greene,
Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
For four such under proppers to his roofe.
Huswives, go, hire her; if you yearely gave
A lamkin more than use, you that might save
In washing beetles; for her hands would passe
To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.
For other hidden parts, thus much I say:
As ballad-mongers on a market-day

Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyce
As ever cart wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
Of Tom the miller with a golden thumbe,
Who, crost in love, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
But thus bespeakes to his attentive rout:
"Thus much for love I warbled from my brest,
And gentle friends for money take the rest:"
So speake I to the over-longing eare,
That would the rest of her description heare,
Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)
Martial will shew for coyne, in's crabbed woman.
  If e're you saw a pedant gin prepare
To speake some gracefull speech to master maior,
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out;
He oft steps forth, as oft turns backe againe;
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veyne:
Thinke so Marina stood: for now she thought
To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought
He to be jealous, least this ugly wight,
(Since like a witch she lookt) through spels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of witchery:
This drew her backe againe. At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
In gentle manner thus: "Good day, good maide;"
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a miller having gruund his grist,
Lets down his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring up the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and never stay
Till by some cleft they find another way:

So when her teares were stopt from eyther eye,
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them
flye
Out at her oyster-mouth and nose-thrils wide.
"Can there," quoth fair Marina, "ere betide
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightful plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when shepheards in their gladsome fit
Sing hymnes to Pan that they are free from it.
"But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous
yell?"
"As late" (quoth she) "I went to yonder well,
(You cannot see it here; that grove doth cover
With his thicke boughes his little channell over)
To fetch some water (as I use) to dresse
My master's supper, (you may think of flesh;
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
Of rotchets, whitings, or such common fish,
That with his net he drags into his boate.
Among the flags below, there stands his coate
(A simple one) thatch'd o're with reede and
broome;
It hath a kitchin, and a severall roome
For each of us." "But this is nought: you flee,"
Replyde Marine, "I prithee answere me
To what I question'd." "Doe but heare me first,"
Answer'd the hag. "He is a man so curst,
Although I toil at home, and serve his swine,
Yet scarce allows he me whereon to dine:
In summer time on black-berries I live,
On crabs and hawes, and what wild forrests give:

In winter's cold, bare-foot I run to seeke
For oysters and small wrinckles in each creeke,
Whereon I feed, and on the meager stone,
But if he home returne and find me gone,
I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore,
Hee'l beate me ten times worse than e're before."
"What hast thou done?" (yet askt Marina)
"I with my pitcher lately took my way ["say?"
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to sing;
But in my backe return, I (hapless) spyde
A tree of cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that unwares my foot
Got underneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as maides use on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone;
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly master, with me wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead." "Be not afraid,"
Said sweet Marina, "hasten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace; for since I sore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small
cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off, seldom neere.)
To yonder grove Ile goe to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing."
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest
The hour she met the maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her flocke againe (and drive them merrily

To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant Albion) through the well poys'd oares
Of the poore fisher-man that dwelt thereby.
  But as a man who in a lottery
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he have aught,
Thinkes this or that shall with his prize be bought,
And so enricht, march with the better rancke,
When sodainly he's call'd, and all is blancke.
To chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,
"Statesmen and she are never firme in love."
  No sooner had Marina got the wood,
But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,
A villaine*, leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, Ægypt's yeares,
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
As one that had a long consumption.
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips,
As they had serv'd with want two prentiships)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin,
Bewray what number were enranckt within.
His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head,
Which with a rough hayre was o'er covered.
How many bones made up this starved wight
Was soon perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight
Apparently might see them knit, and tell
How all his veynes and every sinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
His feeble knees with paine enough uphold
That pined carkasse, casten in a mold
Cut out by death's grim forme. If small legs wan
Ever the title of a gentleman,

* See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates.

His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
As he had liv'd in a beleaguered towne,
Where plenty had so long estrangled beene,
That men most worthy note in griefe were seene
(Though they rejoyc'd to have attain'd such meat)
Of rats, and halfe-tann'd hydes, with stomackes great,
Gladly to feed; and where a nurse most vilde
Drunke her own milke, and starv'd her crying child.
Yet he through want of food not thus became:
But Nature first decreed, that as the flame
Is never seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes: and still the more is lent
The more it covets. And as all the floods
(Downe trenching from small groves, and greater woods)
The vast insatiate sea doth still devoure,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power;
So ever should befall this starved wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite;
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He ravine should, and want in greatest fare;
And what a citie twice seven years would serve,
He should devoure, and yet be like to starve.
A wretch so empty; that if e're there be
In Nature found the least vacuitie,
'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' store;
A caniball to lab'rers old and poore;
A spunge-like dropsie, drinking till it burst;
The sicknes tearm'd the wolfe, vilde and accurst;
In some respects like the art of alchimy,
That thrives least when it long'st doth multiply:

Limos he cleeped was: whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing Marina, and his sharpe-fang'd jaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high reeds,
Towards his cave. Her face the swift windes rue,
And round the grove in heavy murmures flew.
The limbes of trees, that (as in love with eyther)
In close embracements long had liv'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mov'd more part'ners of their woe.
Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent
Upon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourishment;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their father's hart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,
Their hollow truncks, fill'd with their neighbour's moanes,
Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes.
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong bolt rattling 'mong the treen.
Limos with his sweet theft full slily rushes
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes and tangling bushes,
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought
(Poore shrubs) to help her, but availing nought,
As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face and legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearfull school-boy makes
Out of an orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pares or grapes,
Than Limos did, as from the thicke he scapes

Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse Marina gan entreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,
As where each day to get supply of food.
O! had she (thirsty) such entreaty made
At some high rocke, proud of his evening shade,
He would have burst in two, and from his veynes
(For her avail) upon the under plaines
A hundred springs a hundred wayes should swimme,
To show her tears inforced floods from him.
Had such a oratresse beene heard to plead
For fair Polixena, the murth'rer's head
Had been her pardon, and so seap'd that shocke,
Which made her lover's toombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged lion, surly, wood,
No tyger reft her young, nor savage brood,
No, not the foaming boare, that durst approve
Lovelesse to leave the mighty queene of love,
But her sad plaints, their uncouth walkes among,
Spent in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnesse steep,
They at her foot would groveling lye, and weepe.
Yet now, alas! nor words, nor floods of teares
Did aught availe. "The belly hath no eares."
As I have knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front least show of paine,
Who for his vittailes all his raiment pledges,
Whose stackes for firing are his neighbour's hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some greene baneke he takes his seat,
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:

So Limos sooner eased than yrested
Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
And for her ayde together twist and twine,
Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the under growing segs:
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontrol'd,
Denide so great a blisse to plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.
West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' streame,
Crown'd with a silver circling dyademe
Of wet exaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged rockes, (torne from the neighbour ile
And girt with waves) against whose naked brest
The surges tilted, on his snowy crest
The tow'ring falcon whilome built, and kings
Strove for that eirie, on whose scaling wings
Monarchs, in gold refin'd, as much would lay
As might a month their army royall pay.
Brave birds they were, whose quick-selfe-less'ning kin
Still wonne the girlonds from the peregrin.
Not Cerna ile* in Affric's silver mayne,
Nor lustfull-bloody Tercus' Thracian strayne,
Nor any other lording of the ayre
Durst with his eirie for their wing compare.
About his sides a thousand seaguls bred,
The mevy, and the halcyon famosed

* Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the island of Mauritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable and of great variety; some so tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them. See Ogleby's Africa, page 715.

For colours rare, and for the peacefull seas
Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as starlings in a fen)
Were fetcht from thence: there sate the pewet hen,
And in the clefts the martin built his nest.
But those by this curst caitife dispossest
Of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most:
All left that place, and sought a safer coast.
Instead of them the caterpiller hants,
And canere-worme among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew;
Of cormorants and locusts not a few;
The cramming raven, and a hundred more
Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore
Limos came wading (as he easily might
Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,
Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other,
Lest one devourer should devour another.
  Neere to the shore that bord'red on the rocke
Nor merry swaine was seene to feed his flocke,
No lusty neat-heard thither drove his kine,
Nor boorish hog-heard fed his rooting swine:
A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly mayl'd,
Tore from their mother's brest, to stuffe his maw.
No crab-tree bore his loade, nor thorn his haw.
As in a forest well compleat with deere
We see the hollyes, ashes, every where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing game:
So neere the rocke, all trees were e're you came
To cold December's wrath stood void of barke,
Here dane'd no nymph, no early-rising larke

Sung up the plow-man and his drowsie mate:
All round the rocke barren and desolate.
In midst of that huge pyle was Limos' cave
Full large and round, wherein a miller's knave
Might for his horse and querne have roome at will;
Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him,
First stood the siege of great Jerusalem*,
Whithin whose triple wall and sacred citie
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie,
'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears:
Can any dry eye be when she appears
As I must sing her? Oh! if such there be;
Flye, flye th' abode of men! and hasten thee
Into the desart, some high mountaine under,
Or at the boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.)
Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopeles thought seem'd ran
How (since for many dayes no food she tasted,
Her meale, her oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
For one poore day she might attaine supply,
And desp'rate of aught else, sit, pine, and dye.
At last her mind meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of ozyers wilde)
Which taken in her arms, she gives the teate,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poor doop can sucke: whereat she wood,
Cryes out, "O Heaven! are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite? and must my infant yong
Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long,

* See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, b. 7. c. 8.

Feed on itselfe? No; first the roome that gave
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse grave:
My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more my babe; then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed nor any other,
Be thou the nurse, and feed thy dying mother."
Then in another place she straight appeares
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
From whence not farre the painter made her stand
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
In gobblets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
That to thyselfe art both the grave and tombe.
A little sweet lad, there, seemes to entreat
(With held up hands) his famisht sire for meate,
Who wanting aught to give his hoped joy
But throbs and sighes; the over hungry boy,
For some poore bit, in darke nookes making quest,
His sachell findes, which growes a gladsome feast
To him and both his parents. Then, next day
He chewes the points, wherewith he us'd to play:
Devouring last his bookes of every kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his sachell, points, bookes all were gone,
Before his sire he droopes, and dyes anone.
In height of art then had the work-man done
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spite of danger strongly did invade
Their vittailes' convoy, bringing from them home
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleag'ring foe, and sates the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant,
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,
And stroke-like sought his parent's nourishment,

Till fates decreed, he on the Roman speares
Should give his bloud for them, who gave him
theirs.
A million of such throes did famine bring
Upon the citie of the mighty king,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome ayre.
Neere this the curious pencell did expresse
A large and solitary wildernesse,
Whose high well-limbed oakes in growing show'd
As they would ease strong Atlas of his load:
Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
Ægyptian Hagar,* (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope: her infant Ishmael
(Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meate, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay
In such a desert: and since now they must
Sleepe their eternal sleepe, and cleave to dust,
She chose (apart) to graspe one death, alone,
Rather than by her babe a million.
Then Erisichthon's case in Ovid's song†
Was portrayed out; and many moe along
The insides of the cave; which were descride
By many loope-holes round on every side.
These faire Marina view'd, left all alone,
The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone:
Neere the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and breers,
and thorns,
A bullocke findes, who delving with his hornes

* Genesis, ch. 21. † Metamorphoses, b. 8.

The hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough hoofe
The yeelding turf) in furious rage he bore [toore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the shores resound:
Him Limos kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Unto the rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veynes had fail'd their deerest bloud.
Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet [skye,
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the
The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veynes
Were conduit pipes to many a crystall spring:
From standing pooles and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will. [Heaven,
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and
And as Night's chariot through the ayre was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept

Dry summer's dust, in fearfull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.
  Darknesse no lesse than blinde Cimmerian
Of famine's eave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepheardesse inwarpt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldom found; with quiet mindes those
    keepe,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rest inrings
The tyred body of the swarty clowne,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest downe.
Twice had the cocke crowne, and in cities strong
The bel-man's doleful noyse and carefull song,
Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent
What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not Morpheus with his maiden been,
As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his eave
Yeelded inclosure deadly as the grave.)
But to all sad laments left her, forlorne,
In which three watches she had nye outworne.
  Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the ocean with a beautious crew
Of her attending sea-nymphes (Jove's bright lamps
Guiding from rockes her chariot's hyppocamps.*)
A journey, onely made, unwares to spye
If any mighties of her empery
Oppress the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designes, by being great in court.

* Sea-horses.

O! should all potentates whose higher birth
Enroles their titles, other gods on Earth,
Should they make private search, in vaile of night,
For cruel wrongs done by each favourite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A mean man's land, which many yeeres had bin
His charge's life, and by the other's heast,
The poore must starve to feed a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His farmer's teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his tenant's sewing time is past.
Another (spending,) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by trickes the poore's inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes
Useth his spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all characters seeme wond'rous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all carefull need he neerly looke)
Can perceive one tittle in the booke,
So if a king behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites,)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignifide,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,

Taketh a glasse prospective good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If monarchs, so, would take an instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their subjects drent
In foule oppression by those high in seate,
(Who care not to be good, but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lie before them; and they then would see
The divelish polititian all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleepe
Whilst that the wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie lawyer, and the false atturnies,
Tire poore men's purses with their life-long journyes;
The country gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th'inheritance, joynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought dearest)
Deceives his brother when the Sun shines clearest.
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave, to leave his sonne a knight;
The griping farmer hoords the seed of bread,
While in the streets the poore lye famished;
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepheard's heaven-blest happy life.
But stay, sweet Muse! forbeare this harsher straine,
Keepe with the shepheards; leave the satyres [veyne,
Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone
To search himself within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble stiled pastorall

Tread through the vallies, dance about the
The lowly dales will yield us anadems [streames,
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine ooten reede;
Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with
bayes.

Show now faire Muse what afterward became
Of great Achilles' mother; she whose name
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A braver lady never tript on land,
Except the ever living Fayerie Queene,
Whose vertues by her swaine so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, "The Muse's chiefest glory."

So mainely Thetis drove her silver throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched negro drive the briny lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the maine as well-built English keels)
She of the new-found world all coasts had seene,
The shores of Thessaly, where she was queene,
Her brother Pontus' waves, imbras'd, with those
Mœotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [sound
Streit Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet
The mournefull name of young Leander drown'd,
Then with full speede her horses doth she guide
Through the Ægæan sea, that takes a pride
In making difference 'twixt the fruitful lands,
Europe and Asia almost joining hands,
But that she thrusts her billowes all affront
To stop their meeting through the Hellespont.

The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,
The Adriaticke gulfe brave ships devouring,
To Padus' silver streame then glides she on
(Enfamoused by rekeles' Phaëton*)
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot dog-starre raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-invading Alpes
Of all their winter suites and snowy scalpes,
To drowne the level'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred Heliconian damsels sate,
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
The height of art should flow from Maro's pen;
And prattling ecchos evermore should long
For repetition of sweet Nasos song,
It was enacted here, in after dayes, [with bayes;
What wights should have their temples crown'd
Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And Tasso† should ascend the Muse's hill,
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that time nor fate,
That swallow all, should ever ruinate;
Delightful Salust, whose all blessed layes
The shepheards make their hymnes on holy-dayes,
And truly say thou in one weeke hast pend
What time may ever study, ne'er amend;
Marot and Ronsard, Garnier's* buskin'd Muse
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse;
And many another swan whose powerful straine
Should raise the golden world to life againe.

* Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.
† Three Italian poets. ‡ French poets.

But let us leave (faire Muse) the bankes of Po,
Thetis forsooke his brave streame long agoe,
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes
Along the Celtie shores, th' Amoric deepes
She now is ent'ring: beare up then a-head
And by that time she hath discovered
Our alabaster rockes, we may discry.
And stem with her the coasts of Britany.
There will she anchor cast, to heare the songs
Of English shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
So pleas'd the Nayades, they did report
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court;
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the British sea,
And thither for each swaine a dolphin bring,
To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.
The time prefixt was come; and now the starre
Of blissful light appear'd, when she her carre
Stai'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' faire port
The nymphes and shepheards of the isle resort;
And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance above the bounds,
And bearded goates, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-survaying mountaine fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In jocund sort the goddesse thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being set
Upon their fenny coursers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout* began to tune his quill,

* Spencer.

With such deepe art that every one was given
To think Apollo (newly slid from Heav'n)
Had tane a human shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke nights of Faiery-land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian‡ plaid but half so well
Be had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But e're he ended his melodious song
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates [praise
In Heaven's faire quire: where now he sings the
Of Him that is the first and last of dayes,
Divinest Spencer, heav'n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.
A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy looke
Follow'd sweet Spencer, till the thick'ning ayre
Sight's further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
Fell from each nymph, no shepheard's cheeke was dry,
A dolefull dirge, and mournefull elegie
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queene
(In memory of what was heard and seene)
Imploy'd a factor, (fitted well with store
Of richest jemmes, refined Indian ore)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
A piramis, whose head (like winged Fame)

* Orpheus.

Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to
kisse,
And Mausolus' great toome might shrowd in his.
Her will had been performance, had not Fate
(That never knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waite
For that rich prey: (gold is a taking baite)
Who closely lurking, like a subtile snake,
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the factor by fayre Thetis sent,
And rob'd our Colin of his monument.
The English shepheards, sonnes of memory,
For satyres change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more than fiend of Hell, that Stygian brand,
All-guilty Avarice: that worst of evill,
That gulfe devouring offspring of a divell:
Heape curse on curse, so direfull and so fell,
Their waight may presse his damned soul to Hell.
Is there a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a satyre's veyne
Mixe with that man! to lash his hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.
For mine owne part, although I now commerce
With lowly shepheards, in as low a verse,
If of my dayes I shall not see an end
Till more yeeres presse me; some few houres ile
spend
In rough-hewn satyres, and my busied pen
Shall jerke to death this infamy of men.
And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
With which—But see how yonder foundlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must go free
Them of their bonds; rest you here merrily

Till my returne; when I will touch a string
Shall make the rivers dance, and vallyes ring.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

What shephcards on the sea were scene
To entertaine the Ocean's queene,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his love young Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd mistresse' wrong;
Is all the subjeet of this song.

THE Muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and useful steering goad
Laid on the strong neckt oxe; no gentle bud
The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leveld on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and selfe-knitting traces)

Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earcly time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines,
When Nereus' daughter, with her mirthfull boast,
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long, for feare the Sunne
Should find them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are,
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some tales of love their love sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone, was mending of his pipe:
That for his lasse sought fruits most sweet, most ripe.
Here (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Neere the sands
Of some swcet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim

Of 's grave as of the river; showing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now,
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round:)
One age is now, another that succeedes,
Extirping all things which the former breedes:
Another followes that, doth new times raise,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days,
Mankinde thus goes like rivers from their spring,
"And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
Whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung
The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)
Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooing their sweetings with delicious straynes.
Sportive Oreades the hills descended,
The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-lived harts
To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;
Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lyes
Of nymphs that by them danc'd their haydigyes:
For all those powers were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to give our shepheardes grace.
And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
Many resorted; where a swaine, of name
Lesse, than of worth: (and we doe never owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)
Fame is uncertaine, who so swiftly flyes
By th' unregarded shed where Vertue lyes,

She (ill inform'd of Vertue's worth) pursu'th
(In haste) opinion for the simple truth.
True Fame is ever liken'd to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To over-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, she'll be following:
Her true proprietie she thus discovers,
"Loves her contemners, and contemnes her lovers."
Th' applause of common people never yet
Pursu'd this swaine; he knew't the counterfeit
Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs,
Though all the shepheards, and the graceful throngs
Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best
That ever touch'd a reede, or was addrest
In shepheard's coate, he never would approve
Their attributes, given in sincerest love;
Except he truly knew them, as his merit.
Fame gives a second life to such a spirit.
This swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with entwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainst which he leand. (So have I seene
Tom Piper stand upon our village greene,
Backt with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themselves about him.) To his fairest ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

"Venus by Adonis' side,
Crying kist and kissing cryde,
Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
For Adonis dying there.

"'Stay,' (quoth she) 'O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give

To the earth her sweetest flowres,
To be seene but some few houres.'

"On his face, still as he bled,
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"'Fair Proserpina, (quoth she)
'Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to flye begin
While my lips can keepe it in.'

"Here she clos'd again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded lym,
But that she had smother'd him."

Looke as a traveller in summer's day
Nye-chookt with dust, and moist with Titan's ray,
Longs for a spring to coole his inward heate,
And to that end, with vowes, doth Heaven intreat,
When going further, finds an apple-tree,
(Standing as did old Hospitalitie,
With ready armes to succour any needes:)
Hence pluckes an apple, tastes it, and it breedes
So great a liking in him for his thirst,
That up he climbes, and gathers to the first
A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull
Till he have got his cap and pockets full.
"Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
That when they come we hold them better farre.
There is no meane 'twixt what we love and want,
Desire, in men, is so predominant."
No lesse did all his quaint assembly long
Than doth the traveller: this shepheard's song

Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a second, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected snare; had Orpheus beene
Playing, some distance from them, he had seene
Not one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,
But left the Thracian for the English swaine.
Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove
Into a cowe transform'd his fairest love*)
Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given
To this young lad; the messenger† of Heaven
(Fair Maia's off-spring) with the depth of art
That ever Jove or Hermes might impart,
In fing'ring of a reede had never wonne
Poor Iö's freedome. And though Arctor's sonne
(Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
And loose his pris'ner: yet in every lym
That god of wit had felt this shepheard's skill.
And by his charms brought from the Muse's hill
Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of pipe and rod,
And vanquish'd so, turne swaine, this swaine a god.
Yet to this lad not wanted Envie's sting,
("He's not worth ought, that's not worth envying.")
Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.
For as a miller in his boulting hutch
Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)
And in his sifter leaves the courser bran:
So doth the canker of a poet's name
Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,
And from a volume culs some small amisse,
To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.
Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring
The ceaslesse current of a christall spring

* Iö.
† Mercury. See Nonnus, Dyonys. l. 3. Ovid. Metam. l. 1.

To over-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinckes, by degrees, his soder'd pipes of lead
Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
High, as well as on a mountaine flowes:
So when detraction and a Cynnic's tongue
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see
To brave the starres, though low his passage be.
But here I much digresse, yet pardon, swaines:
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plaines
A sentfull nosegay (to set neere her pap,
Or as a favour, for her shepheard's cap)
Is seene farre off to stray, if she have spide
A flower that might increase her posie's pride:
So if to wander I am sometime prest,
'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.
Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our shepheard, and the voyces sweet
Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

"Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

"Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of art.
In as many vertues dight
As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much good so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

" Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath:
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,
Ful of pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

" Reason masters every sence,
And her vertues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Onely worth could kindle love.

" Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she browne, or faire, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone."

Eöus* and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, since their wat'ring in the westerne streame,
Had run a furious journey to appease
The night sicke eyes of our antipodes,)
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seene
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene;
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told silver-footed Thetis was at hand.
As I have seene when on the brest of Thames
A heavenly heavy of Sweet English dames,

* Eous, Pyrocis, Æthon, and Phlegon, were fained to be the horses of the Sun.

In some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,
With musicke gave a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne,
Rapt with her melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore;
So ran the shepheards, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true presagers* of a coming storme
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of Thetis' will; like boates at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the Muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell†.
Ere there arrivall Astrophel‡ had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our ilse, [stile,
Thou farre-farre-more than mortall man, whose
Stroke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harpe, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy Arcadia! while such lovely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, rivers, hills and plaines;
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,
That never heard'st his musicke nor his song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose vertues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.

* Dolphins.

† Gesner de Aquatilibus. Hist. Natural. l. 4. p. 426.

‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountaine,
Who wayle his losse from the Pegasian fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
I set my pencil to Apelles' table* ;
Or dare to draw his curtaine, with a will
To show his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtaine fully doth expresse,
His owne art's-mastry my unablenesse.
He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of Hippocrene)
I sung the past'rall next; his Muse, my mover;
And on the plaines full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more for praising thee.
Thus we shall live with them, by rockes, by springs
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill
The learned shepheard† of faire Hitching hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines so worthy life, that I employ
My reede in vaine to overtake his fame.
All praisefull tongues doe waite upon that name.
Our second Ovid, the most pleasing Muse
That Heav'n did e'er in mortal's braine infuse,
All-loved Draiton, in soule-raping straines,
A genuine noate, of all the nimphish traines
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometimes Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

* See b. I. s. 2.

† Mr. Chapman, who translated the works of Homer,

Johnson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One so judicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre,
To able censure; for the theater
Not Seneca trancends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes.
Well-languag'd Danyel: Brooke,* whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes;
Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides:
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides [see
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well deserving bayes,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a crystall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy Brooke though all men sound
With plummets of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.

* Christopher Brooke.

Davies* and Wither, by whose Muse's power
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I ever heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificial dayes.
These sweetly chaunted to the queene of waves,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue de-
praves.
Then, base Contempt, (unworthy our report)
Fly from the Muses and their faire resort,
And exercise their spleene on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poets name
A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,
And, maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on Earth,
When he that 'gainst a Muse with hate combines,
May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lynes.
Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas,
Encompast round with lovely Naides,
With gaudy nymphes, and many a skillful swaine,
Whose equals Earth cannot produce againe,
But leave the times and men that shall succeede
them, [them.
Enough to praise that age which so did breed
Two of the quaintest swaines that yet have beene
Fail'd their attendance on the Ocean's queene,
Remond and Doridon, whose haplesse fates
Late sever'd them from their more happy mates;

* Not Sir John, but John Davies, of Hereford.

For (gentle swaines) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And, as I ghesse, it was that sunny morne,
When in the grove thereby my sheep were shorne,
I weene I told you, while the shepheards yong
Were at their past'rall, and their rurall song,
The shrikes of some poor maide, fallen in mischance,
Invokt their aide, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a sev'rall way to helpe the maide;
Some tow'rds the vally, some the green wood straid:
Here one the thicket beates, and there a swaine
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vaine.
Nor could they finde the wight, whose shrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre so heavily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,
But Doridon and Remond; who resort
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In such a webb, so intricate, and knit
So strong with bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his Fida cals; Fida, the woods
Resound againe, and Fida, speake the floods,
As if the rivers and the hils did frame
Themselves no small delight, to heare her name.
Yet she appears not. Doridon would now
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man, who dreaming in his sleepe
That he is falling from some mountaine steepe

Into a soundlesse lake, about whose brim
A thousand crocodiles doe waite for him, [breake,
And hangs but by one bough, and should that
His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,
Though faine he would, can move nor voyce nor tongue:
So when he Remond heard the woods among
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poore lad, that canst not tell
Nor speake the name of her thou lov'st so well.
Remond, by hap, neere to the arbour found,
Where late the hynd was slayne, the hurtlesse ground
Besmear'd with bloud; to Doridon he cride,
And tearing then his hayre, "O haplesse tide!"
(Quoth he) "behold! some cursed hand hath tane
From Fida this! O what infernall bane,
Or more than hellish fiend, inforced this!
Pure as the streame of aged Simois,
And as the spotlesse lilly, was her soule!
Ye sacred powers, that round about the pole
Turne in your sphears! O could you see this deed,
And keepe your motion? If the eldest seed*
Of chained Saturne hath so often beene
In hunters' and in shepheards' habit seene
To trace our woods, and on our fertile plaines
Woo shepheard's daughters with melodious straines,
Where was he now, or any other powre?
So many sev'ral lambs have I each howre,

* Jupiter.

And crooked horned rams, brought to your shrines,
And with perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken! To an uncouth state
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate."
"Cease, Remond," quoth the boy, "no more complaine,
Thy fairest Fida livs; nor do thou staine
With vilde reproaches any powre above,
They all, as much as thee, have beene in love:
Saturne his Rhea; Jupiter had store,
As Iö, Leda, Europa, and more;
Mars entred Vulcan's bed, pertooke his joy;
Phœbus had Daphne and the sweet-fac'd boy*;
Venus Adonis; and the god of wit
In chastest bonds was to the Muses knit;
And yet remaines so, nor can any sever
His love, but brother-like affects them ever:
Pale changefull Cinthia her Endimion had,
And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:
If these were subject (as all mortall men)
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then,
But by their owne affections, rightly ghesse
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
Charge them repectlesse; since no swaine than thee
Hath off'red more unto each deitie.
But feare not, Remond, for those sacred powres
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall breasts;
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemne feasts,

* Hyacinth.

And they forget thee not! Fida (thy deere)
Treads on the earth; the bloud that's sprinkled here
Nere fill'd her veynes; the hynd possest this gore:
See, where the coller lyes she whilome wore!
Some dog hath slaine her, or the griping carle,
That spoiles our plaines in digging them for marle."
Looke, as two little brothers, who addrest
To search the hedges for a thrushe's nest,
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
When, mad in lust with fearfull bellowing,
A strong-neckt bull pursues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-lov'd brother,
Further than can his over-drowned eyes
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spyes,
Tosse something on his hornes, he knowes not what;
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that:
When, comming nigher, he doth well discerne
It of the wondrous one-night-seeding ferne
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes,
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth move
Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
So far'd it with our shepheard, though he saw
Not aught of Fida's rayment, which might draw
A more suspition; though the coller lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leave that plaine
Till he embrace his chastest love againe.
Love-wounded Doridon entreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men

Had eases liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
"I," quoth the boy, "will sing thee songs of love,
And as we sit in some all-shady grove,
Where Philomela, and such sweet'ned throates,
Are for the mastery tuning various noates,
I'le strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
That, whilst to thee my fortunes I reherse,
No bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine;
I'le tell thee tales of love, and show thee how
The gods have wand'red, as we shepheards now.
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's lost, will I
Eecho the same, and with mine owne supply.
Know, Remond, I do love, but, well-a-day!
I know not whom; but as the gladsome May
She's faire and lovely: as a goddesse she
(If such as her's a goddesse beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the marish she might soonest passe,
When rusht a villaine in, Hell be his lot!
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search; but, if thou please,
'Tis not a forrest, mountaine, rockes, or seas,
Can in thy journey stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on haplesse Doridon,
That he reblest may be with her faire sight,
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night."
Remond agreed: and many weary dayes
They now had spent in unfrequented wayes:
About the rivers, vallyes, holts and crags,
Among the ozyers and the waving flags,
They neerely pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie:

Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny.
They close inquirie make in caverns blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde,
Right as a curious man that would diserie
(Lead by the trembling hand of Jealousie)
If his faire wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.
One ev'n e're Phœbus (neere the golden shore
Of Tagus' streame) his journey gan give o're,
They had ascended up a woody hill,
(Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
Wakened the Eccho, and with many a shout
Follow'd the fearefull deere the woods about,
Or thro' the breakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Dig'd to the hole where lyes the wily foxe.)
Thence they beheld an underlying vale,
Where Flora set her rarest flowres at sale,
Whither the thriving bee came oft to sucke them,
And fairest nymphes to decke their haire did plucke them.
Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
And on white hearts begun the wilde-goose chase:
Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leave Elizium, and live here agen.
Not Hybla mountaine, in the joeund prime,
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme,
Showes greater number of industrious bees,
Than were the birds that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his passage through a meadow make,

Ran the delightfull vally 'tween two hils,
From whose rare trees the precious balme distils:
And hence Apollo had his simples good,
That cur'd the gods, hurt by the Earth's ill brood.
A christall river on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chid
The artlesse songsters, that their musicke still
Should charme the sweet dale, and the wistfull hill,
Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run,
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'red vale,
As the quick lennet or sweet nightingale.
Downe from a steepe rocke came the water first,
(Where lusty satyres often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,
Till it the lovely bottome had imbrac'd:
Then, as intranc'd to heare the sweet birds sing,
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,
As loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
Should speake what true delight they did possesse
Among the rare flowres which the vally dresse.
But since those quaint musitians would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they:
Much like a little lad, who gotten new
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
Of choise musitians, on some softer string
That is not heard; the others' fingering
Drowning his art; the boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,
And often descants when his fellowes rest;
That, to be heard, (as usual singers do)
Spoiles his owne musicke and his part'ners' too:

So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bancke downe a lowly dell,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.
  No small delight the shepheards tooke to see
A coombe* so dight in Flora's livery,
Where faire Feronia† honour'd in the woods,
And all the deities that haunt the floods,
With powerfull Nature strove to frame a plot,
Whose like the sweet Arcadia yeelded not.
  Downe through the arched wood the shepheards wend,
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill,
A deepe fetch'd sigh, which seem'd of powre to kill
The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood,
Whereat the carefull swaines no longer stood
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynde
A love-knot held, which two joyn'd hearts in twynde;
But searching round upon an aged root,
Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to little boot)
Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
Against cold winter's stormes and wreakfull teene;
Or clad the stocke in summer with that hue,
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow trunke and perish'd graine
The cuckowe now had many a winter laine,
And thriving pismires laid their egges in store;
The dormouse slept there, and a many more.

* Vally.

† According to that of Silius, lib. xiii. Punicor.—Itur in agros Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco.

Here sate the lad, of whom I thinke of olde
Virgil's prophetique spirit had foretold,
Who whilst dame Nature, for her cunning's sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him, more than all, assaid,
This pritty youth was almost made a maid.
Sadly he sate, (and as would griefe) alone,
As if the boy and tree had beene one,
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of amber creepe,
As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
If ever this were true in Ovid's verse,
That teares have powre an adamant to pierce,
Or move things void of sence, 'twas here approv'd.
Things vegetative, once, his teares have mov'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawne in pitty
To burst that he should mone, as for a ditty
To come and range themselves in order all,
And of their owne accord raise Thebes a wall.
Or else his teares (as did the other's song)
Might have th' attractive power to move the throng
Of all the forrests, citizens, and woods,
With ev'ry denizon of ayre and floods,
To sit by him and grieve; to leave their jarres,
Their strifes, dissentations, and all civill warres;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an union.
For whom the Heavens would weare a sable sute,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were mute.
His eyes were fixed, (rather fixed starres)
With whom it seem'd his teares had beene in warres,

The diff'rence this, (a hard thing to discry)
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
Teares, fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
In inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of state
(Whose hopes vilde Envy hath seene ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare
(Uncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere;
So, though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
Made sorrow sweet, plac'd in so sweet a creature.
"The test of misery the truest is,
In that none hath, but what is surely his."
His armes a-crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside him:
Had Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have spide him,
With open brest, lockes on his shoulders spred,
She would have sworne (had she not seene him dead)
It was Adonis; or, if e'er there was
Held transmigration by Pithagoras,
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-love's spirit
A fairer body never could inherit.
His pipe, which often wont upon the plaine
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian straine,
Lay from his hooke and bagge cleane cast apart,
And almost broken, like his master's heart.
Yet, till the two kinde shepheards neere him stept,
I finde he nothing spake, but that he wept.
"Cease, gentle lad," quoth Remond, "let no teare
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leave thee till thyselfe art gone?

Thou maist have griefe when other things are reft
thee,
All else may slide away, this still is left thee;
And when thou wantest other company,
Sorrow will ever be imbracing thee.
But, fairest swaine, what cause hast thou of woe?
Thou hast a well-flecc'd flocke feede to and fro,"
(His sheepe along the vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although unfollowed.)
" What, doe thy yewes abortive bring? or lambs,
For want of milke, seeke to their fellowes' dams?
No gryping land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy pastures all in greene
With clover-grasse as fresh as may be seene:
Cleare gliding springs refresh thy meadowe's heate,
Meades promise to thy charge their winter-meate,
And yet thou griev'st. O! had some swaines thy
store,
Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no
more.
Or have the Pareæ, with unpartiall knife,
Left some friend's body tenantlesse of life,
And thou bemon'st that Fate, in his youth's morne,
Ore-east with clods his light but newly borne?
'Count not how many yeeres he is bereav'd,
But those which he possest and had receiv'd;
If I may tread no longer on this stage,
Though others thinke me yong; it is mine age:
For who so hath his fate's full period told,
He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.'
May be that avarice thy mind hath crost,
And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost.

Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world
throwes on thee?
'Thinke nothing good which may be taken from
thee.'
Looke as some pond'rous weight or massie packe,
Laid to be carryed on a porter's backe,
Doth make his strong joynts cracke, and forceth
him
Maugre the helpe of every nerve and lym,
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble:
So any one by avarice ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lyes groveling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique
forth,
And passages thro' the congealed north,
Who, when their haires with isicles are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their
tongue,
Show them a glitt'ring stone, will streight wayes
say,
'If paines thus prosper, oh! what fooles would
play?'
Yet I could tell them, (as I now doe thee)
'In getting wealth we lose our libertie.
Besides, it robs us of our better powres,
And we should be ourselves were these not ours.
He is not poorest that hath least in store,
But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:
Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch,
Thou never shalt be poore, nor never rich,
Led by Opinion; for their states are such,
Nature but little seekes, Opinion much.'
Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,
(Decking the fields in holy-daye's aray,
Striving who shall surpasse in bravery,)
Marke the faire blooming of the hawthorne-tree;
Who, finely cloathed in a white robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;
Yet, for the bravery that she is in,
Doth neyther handle carde nor wheele to spin,*
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seene
In other colours than in white or greene.
Learne then content, young shepheard, from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery;
And richest ingots never toyle to finde,
Nor care for povertie, but of the minde."†

This spoke yong Remond: yet the mourneful lad
Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,
He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares rain;
Which wrought so on the swains, they could not smother
Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.
"Tell us," quoth Doridon, "thou fairer farre
Than he‡ whose chastitie made him a starre,
More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,
Than follow sheepe, and pine here in a grove.
O do not hide thy sorrowes, show them briefe:

* Luke, c. xii. v. 27. Spenser's Fairie Queen, b. 2. c. 6. s. 16. ver. 8. and Prior's Solomon, b. 1.

† Mat. c. v. v. 3.

‡ Hippolitus.

'He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.'
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
'No man can sorrow very much and long.'
For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that have us round enclos'd,
That comfort's left, (and we should blesse her for't,)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
Beleeve me, shepheard, we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heavinesse
Than thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,
That use hath made us apter to endure."
More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill
Run through the vally from the higher hill;
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hart'ning sound,
A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had been the king of forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the messenger of Heaven,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,
Nor the swift swallow flying neere the ground,
By which the ayre's distemp'rature is found:
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphne's speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,
Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner crost them,
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.
The weeping swaine ne'er mov'd; but as his eyes
Were onely given to show his miseries,
Attended those; and could not once be won
To leave that object when his teares begun.
O had that man,* who (by a tyrant's hand)
Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,

* Phiton.

And he next morne for torment's prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes not let one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse,
He stoutly answer'd: "Happier sure are they
Than I shall be by space of one short day."
No more his griefe was. But, had he beene here,
He had beene flint had he not spent a teare.
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who other's sorrowes feeles more than his owne.
Remond and Doridon were turning then
Unto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant dame, faire as the morne,
Or lovely bloomes the peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yealow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture Nature doth display
Upon the quaint wings of the popiniay.
Her horne about her necke with silver tip,
Too hard a mettall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oft'ner kist, than Jove did frowne,
And in a mortal's shape would faine come downe
To feede upon those dainties, had not he
Beene still kept backe by Juno's jealousie:
And ivory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Upon her head a greene light silken cap,
A piece of white lawne shadow'd eyther pap,
Betweene which hillockes many Cupids lay,
Where with her necke or with her teates they play,
Whilst her quicke hart will not with them dispence,
But heves her brests as it would beate them thence,

Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.
Swiftly she ran; the sweet bryers to receive her
Slipt their imbracements, and (as loath to leave her)
Stretch'd themselves to their length: yet on she goes.
So great Diana frayes a heard of roes,
And speedy followes: Arethusa fled
So from the river* that her ravished.
When this brave huntresse neere the shepheards drew,
Her lilly arme in full extent she threw,
To pluck a little bough (to fanne her face)
From off a thicke leav'd ash: (no tree did grace
The low grove as did this, the branches spred
Like Neptune's trident upwards from the head.)
No sooner did the grieved shepheard see
The nymph's white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
But rose and to her ran; yet she had done
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet, now approach'd the bough the huntresse tore,
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
With dock leaves, and a slip of willow rinde.
Then round the trunke he wreathes his weak'ned armes,
And with his scalding teares the smooth barke warmes,
Sighing and groaning, that the shepheards by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay down to cry:
"For 'tis impossible a man should be
Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company."

* Alpheus.

Much the two swaines admir'd, but pitty'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or show what sad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well.
As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse swaine
His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man over-growne with hayre,
His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,
Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide
Those parts which nature would not have discride,
And the long hayre that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely covered.
But, shepheards, I have wrong'd you; 'tis now late,
For see, our maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unlesse we meane to speed
With those that kisse the hare's foot: rhumes are bred,
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed,
And those I love not; therefore cease my rime,
And put my pipes up till another time.

END OF VOL. V.